IMMORTAL
TECHNIQUE
SINCE 1492

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IMMORAL TECHNIQUE
POLICE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Creation & Destruction"

Yeah
Haha
[Spanish:] Se ha cabado la mierda *[English: "The Bullshit has finished."]*
Bout to drop a def' cut
Yo, yo, yo, huh

Immortal Technique, disintegrates mic's when I spit
I cause more casualties than sunken slave ships
Full to capacity, I bring tragedy to rap without my man Kadafi
The government took Nazi scientists from Germany
To design nuclear rockets and ways of observin' me
'Cause their pathetic attempts, didn't work to murder me
When this country was conceived, these bastards never heard of me
But now I hold the souls of slave masters eternally
Bleeding internally, burnin' D, durin' surgery, verbally
'Cause I'm a spiritual witch
Devils are incompatible
I've been around since the planet was inhabitable
I spit in the ocean and created microscopic animals
Which involved into two species, the righteous and the cannibals
But until then, I had alien women suck me off
When God said "Let there be light", I turned it the fuck off
And that's the reason that the earth is only 5 billion years old
I made the sun shine, and permitted time to unfold
The surface was lava, but when I stepped down, it became cold
Fuck what you've been told
My spiritual form became a swarm of molecule sickness
Manifested liquid trapped inside a mountainous region
Until the skies starting raining, continuous seasons
Immortal Technique, at long last, reincarnated
Undebatable reinstated to leave you decapitated
Je suis fous, but my crazy words make sense *["Je suis fous" means "I am mad" in French]*
I'll split every pound of your body into six pence
I'm sick of simple similes about The Sixth Sense
I'll leave your body drenched in the blood of all your ancestors
You'll never be at peace, like the souls of child molestors
I'll cut you and bless your festering wounds with alcohol
Drown you in a clogged toilet, in a public bathroom stall
I'll rip you down, take a chunk of you home like the Berlin Wall
This is the final call, for all the rappers that wanna brawl
Immortal Technique, the wrong motherfucker to diss
'Cause I allow God to let you motherfuckers exist

Hahahahaha yeah, real oh
We about to crash somethin' now, yo
Yo, yo, yo
I'm the stronghold on your neck that doesn't let you breathe

Stronger than the fake image of God in which you believe
More dangerous than your ignorant ass could ever perceive
A European virus, mutated in Africa, overseas
Transported by mosquitoes and fleas to where you live
So lock yourself in your house with your wife and your kids
You're such a bitch, somebody probably made you out of a rib
My arrest record just scratches the surface of what I did
My bid locked me up and brought my life to an end
I was forgotten, abandoned by my bitches and friends
You don't want beef with people like me so don't pretend
I'll resurrect your aborted baby and kill it again
You get no props in hip-hop like feminine men
I'm iller than any plague God gave Moses to send
You wanna make amends, 'cause I'm the reason that the earth shakes
Burying your fam like Central American earthquakes

Immortal Technique
Harlem to Canada
Lyrically damage ya
[Spanish:] Te dije que se ha cabado la mierda *[English: "I told you the bullshit would end."]*

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Dominant Species"

[Intro]
Yo, in a hundred years form now
Everyone who's living on this planet will be dead
So it's inconsequential really
All the shit that you talk
All the bullshit that you stand for
It's more important what, what your ready to build
What you're ready to pass down to your children
What you're ready to create
You better fucking remember that
When you challenge a mother fucker like me
Remember, I'm the dominant species

[Verse 1]
I'm stuck inside the future and life is chaotic
The government is psychotically racist and robotic
The matrix of entrapment is socio-economic
Erotic conspiracy theory becomes reality
Life is war, and every day's a battle to me
I'm on the brink of insanity, between extreme intelligence and split personalities
But I elevate to the point of reversing gravity
Revolutionary conceptuality spitting out of me
Even the dead people in my family tell me they proud of me
Stupidity's not allowed by me
Cause I don't got time to play
I'm the black whole lyricist that'll take your shine away
Darkness at any time of day
I'm the Technique and your nobody so what you trying to say
Stellar density becomes your physical alignment
1.8 billion tons per square inch confinement

[Chorus]
Yo, yo, yo, I drop knowledge so heavy it leaves the world unbalanced
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge
I'm the lyrical apocalypse that crumbles the granite
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

[Verse 2]
Yo, yo, lyrically I'm infinite like possibilities
But you don't have the capability like infertility
Cause opening your mouth to question my validity
Is like trying to contradict the theory of relativity
When I spit is the epitome of heavy artillery
My enemies are obsessed with me like the bitch in Misery
But break out like father running form responsibility
Every time I step and abuse the mic with versatility
I balance humility, with brutal instinct

I'll make your whole cypher look like those crackers from N'Sync
And I don't care about your link, or your luxury car
I shed light with more magnitude than all of the stars
La Brea tar pit thick
So don't ever talk shit
And remember something nigga, while you rave and rant
A roach can live for nine days without its head but you can't

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
I'm explicit like video tapes of conjugal visits
Some niggas are too stupid to understand it like astrophysics
Technique is exquisite
I'll make your thoughts a victory
Get pessimistic with the quickness
If you think that I will just become another statistic with anything but success
When I bless the mic as I spit this
Specifically prolific with Kaposi's Sarcoma-type! sickness
My style is like a ten year old child with a slit wrist, too much reality
For the fucking hit list
I got a Black Panther mentality with a spick fist
So you can get dissed
Even if you're locally gold, vocally bold, or globally
Multi-platinum sold
I'm emotionally cold, disciplined, and ready to kill
Like spirits in the same room with you, I'm giving you chills
I drop knowledge while these mother fuckers clumsily spill
And I drop it so heavy, it leaves the world unbalanced
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge
I'm the lyrically apocalypse that crumbles the granite
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Positive Balance"

(feat. Big Zoo)

[Intro]
Big Zoo, uh
Technique, uh
Positive balances, uh, uh

[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]
Pound for pound
I'm the most positive when I bust mine
The Zoo adds on like a plus sign
Addition, that's the key in the ignition
With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)
Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack
I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack
That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine
The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out, look out)
And then I'm positive as Showtime
I make negative MC's switch styles in no time
They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens
Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends
Then I, switch thugs into soldiers
Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova (Damn!)
The rap Ice Age is over
And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder

[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/ Big Zoo ad-libs]
Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah
My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater
Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator
Third-eye navigator movements are necessary
Everything you see in videos is secondary
You need positivity like you need respect in jail
Because without balance you'll be making negative record sales
Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique, like this

[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]
I jerk off inside books and give life to words
Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never heard (what?)
I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed
Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves
Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence
But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance
Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence
I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows
But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow Wow
Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended
Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender agenda

And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric of time (what? what?)
And put your soul in a blender
You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in December
Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give
I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you positive
I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing gimmicks
Because without balance, you don't last more than a minute
This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of scrimmage
I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the village
I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven
But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's
So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow
Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios
[Biggie - Hypnotize sample]

[Chorus]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Getaway"

[Immortal Technique]
Yo yo, son give me that newspaper

[Friend]
Yeah aight, here you go

[Immortal Technique]
Man, I hate this one yo. You know the Post is always on some bias racist bullshit, man. Word I mean on the daily news

[Friend]
[Laughs] word, I feel you

[Immortal Technique]
They ridiculous man, times are better but they still on some bullshit

[Friend]
[Laughs] I know that man. (Hiss)

[Immortal Technique]
Another nigga killed by these fucking cops, yo!

[Friend]
What? Word? Psh

[Immortal Technique]
See that's why I gotta get the fuck outta here man, I need some peace I need something like that or I'ma just start blasting! These fucking pigs man

[Friend]
I feel you, son *[laughs]*

[Immortal Technique]
For real, yo

[Friend]
Yo son, fuck it then. Let's do something man, let's see some mamis out there

[Immortal Technique]
You know what? Matter fact pack the bags

[Friend]
Aight then

[Immortal Technique]
Start the fucking whip up, I'm outta here yo for real
Yo, I hate my job so I always look to a better day

Far from New York City on a tropical getaway
But not in Miami cause these white Cuban Anti-Castros can't stand me
And that's the reason I'll never win a fixed up Latin Grammy
After this racist Latinos'll goddamn me
But my Black people love me
And when I go to South America people'll be tryna hug me
Cause I talk about reality that effects them
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them
What kind of a revolutionary action would that be
I be categorizing practically every other MC
But never that cause I'm clever with facts
Sever your raps
Fake players and thugs
Will forever be whack
I'm still rolling with my squadron
Heavily strapped
And even if I get killed I'll enviably be back
Encyclopedia Hispanic are over digital dat
Don't ever compare me with small minded criminal cats
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Onhart
Spit in your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn mark
I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart
My vacation just started
I'm out to the Caribbean swimming in Dominican women the color of cinnamon

You motherfuckers wish you had the lifestyle I'm living in
[Laughs] Yo, yo

[Repeat 2x]
East coast to West coast and everything in between
This is dedicated to everybody chasing they dreams
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems
But I'ma make it cause I got survival stuck in my genes

[Immortal Technique talking]
Word up (word), Immoral Technique representing Harlem all the way to my fam in Englewood. I'm out motherfucker *[Laughs]* The ghetto way nigga

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
We the top of the food chain motherfucker
Stronghold in it, yo
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)
Don't get me pissed pussies

[Hook: Poison Pen]
Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters
You better? Then please defeat us
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters
Always comment on your side as beepers
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

[Poison Pen]
Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)
It's on, your block, your street
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf
When you run shit, Stronghold shit
I need a chain I can jump rope with
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

[Hook]

[Poison Pen]
Pen Pen nigga look good
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb
With an impact on hip-hop
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

[Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique, top of the food chain
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you
Haven't you got the picture yet?
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'
Because you lack the chromos'
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]

[Poison Pen]
If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses
That point and click without red browsers
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate
They treat my nuts like imported grapes
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Beef And Broccoli"

Look, let me make something abundantly clear for people
that are so bereft of activities
they feel like they gotta comment on every one of mine
First of all, being a vegetarian should never be associated
with being a revolutionary or being open minded, that's a dietary choice
If someone wants to proliferate the type of ignorance
we're supposed to be fighting by thinking that, you're just fucking yourself
I don't go around promoting beef and poultry shoving it in peoples faces
I don't castigate people for not eating steak sandwiches
And I would never diss someone for being a fucking broccoli head
or living off radishes or eating grass with tofu
I like a lot of vegan cuisine but the illogicality
of expecting everyone to adopt your particular idea
of what being healthy is, is just preposterous
I've seen some of you herbivores, and if you wanna argue health
y'all need to eat some kind of supplement
because some of y'all are so skinny that it's disgusting
Lookin like the only hip hop motherfuckas on Schindler's list
Being a malnutrition ass got nothing to do
with being revolutionary or being on point
I'll be damned if I let somebody else push their agenda on me
You know, I don't eat pork, not cause I'm a Muslim
I just don't really like it, but I really will fuck a bird up
And fish is good when that shit is fresh
It's like my nigga Vast Aire from Can' Ox said
If you don't like the smell of burning meat, then get the fuck off the planet
You know, I don't criticize people for eating moss
And don't open your fuckin mouth about my food man
I like beef and broccoli motherfucka, mind your God damn business
Matter of fact, you know what? I'm out
I feel like a some aronco pollo, a banana daiquiri
and a motherfuckin bistelpanado

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"No Me Importa"

Look I ain't never been afraid to tell how I really feel
Nunca, I think everybody should know that
Yo creo que todos debemos de saber eso
Fuckin' ought to know, yo
I gotta tell these chicks a lot of times, mira
Tu estas actuando en una manera muy mala
Bien mala y no me importa ya, I gotta let ya know
Let 'em know. Here we go, digale a la gente, primo
Gotta let you know for real. Son drop that

[Verse I]
Siempre me encuentro con la mujer equivocada
A superficial mami con la alma comprada
Yo I'm sick of stupid chicks que hablan de nada
Let's got to my house conversacion acabada
Yeah we can fuck but you gotta go after manana
You walking bowlegged porque te deje clavada
Don't ever talk shit about niggaz and get enojada
There's a reason that you never been properly amada
Cause you fuck niggaz and suck dick como si nada
Para la porqueria and save the drama
Don't come to the fucking club con una actitud mala
You've been drinking too much Bacardi and smoking lala
Escuchame senorita, if you don't respect yourself
Don't expect respect from anyone else
Don't expect un hombre to support you with wealth
Go to college and be successful, do it for delft
Nunca vas a ser shit without knowledge your self
Mamis with cultural ineptitude are bad for your health
That's the type of mujer that I put back on the shelf
And go back to the pack crowd to look for somebody else

Adios, check it

[Hook]
We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
Smoking broccoli, compartiendo ideologies
Pero solamente pasa on special occasions
When beautiful intelligent mamis stay blazing
(Stay blazing!)

Y ahora for you motherfucking niggaz
Yo... si

[Verse 2]

Immortal Technique the resurrected Che Guevara
But y'all cats are just a bunch of fake Tony Montana
I bring drama like revolucion Cubana
And block stages like my last name was Santana
Como puedes comparar your anterouch to my squad
You motherfucker is faker than resurrection full of bud
Don't try to be hard cuz I don't stress faked fellas
I'll burn your house down and empty the clip of tu abuela
Mucha gente try to convince everyone that they trife
Hablando mierda but you never shot a gun in your life
Siempre gritando how you keep it real in the cife
But most of your rappers can't even keep it real with your wife
I'll sacrifice you puto cabron for running his mouth
Car-jack you and kidnap you in front of your house
And while you tied up by that shotgun while I'm driving down south
I'll push the pedal to setenta and kick you the fuck out
Solamente to look back and have something to laugh about
I doubt that you really want Technique as an enemigo
Fuck with me I'll make your people turn up desaparecido
My estilo es Chupa Camaro Y Zapatista
I'm a revel soldier murdering rap artistas
Colombian neck-tile MC hasta la vista
Taking over the fucking country like socialita

Cobardes, yo

[Hook]
We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
I'll broad your fucking brain out and spread your philosophy
This is if te pones celoso motherfucker is watching me
I don't make threats bitch lo que hablo es prophecy

De verdad, para que toda la gente sepa que no me importa
Cuanta mierda ustedes hablan o cuanta mierda
I still be on my job. Forever, I'll still be here
I'll still be doing my thing. Para siempre. Cojudo
Para siempre. I'll be in anybody's parade
Immortal Technique, se ha acabado la mierda..

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Revolutionary"

[Men talking]

Yo load the fuck up (locked and loading)
You too (locked and loading sir)
Remember break that window when that cop comes in
and blow that motherfuckers head off
[multiple gun shots] (Got him)
Yeah load it up again cause these motherfuckers
are gonna come back for us. (Were ready)
We gotta be prepared in this day and age, we gotta
be prepared for whatever comes the fuck at us. (Word up)
Cause we are living revolutionarily. (Definitely)
You cannot second guess yourself in these days and times
there gonna throw whatever they can at you and you gotta
be prepared for it, you gotta be prepared for anything

[Sample of Malcolm X]
"If liberty or dead,
there's freedom for everybody or freedom for nobody!" *[crowd cheers]*

[Hook]
No matter what the fuck life throws at me
I continue to make it threw indefinitely
Immortal technique defeats the odds repetitively
Until there ain't shit ahead of me competitively
Surviving the tough times is imperative to me
Looking at the whole world revolutionarily

[Sample of Malcolm X]
"They don't want to hear you old uncle tom handkerchief
hand talking about...uh thee *[inaudible]*, no."

Technique will force you into strategical retreat
Because I dominate guerrilla warfare in the streets
There ain't no way to picture me without a victory speech
When I reach higher positions
Without the recognition of pissed on competition
Cause I conquered there ambitions
In a systematic form like a religionist tradition
My mission is to take you, lyrically break you
Lyrically assassinate you
Lyrically incinerate your body and recreate you
To destroy the power that mentally incarcerates you
Cause even though I rip it better I could not forsake you
Your my people with the same oppressors so how could I hate you
The revolution of the mind that bring lee generates you
But when you come original people impersonate you, start to hate you

Cause the conflict is building within the ultimate sin
Is to be ashamed of your skin
My rhymes are like Jamaican over proof I make the room spin
Intoxicated flow I bleed vodka and brandy
Don't make me choke you down like Jon-Benet Ramsey
Something demands of me to rip this fucking shit uncannily
God commanded me to be a technological disease
And psychologically do battle with the best emcee's
Inaudible these in technique
Cause I'm the capital of revolutionary nation that's infallible
Aztec like the Hannibal
Rip your heart out of your chest and feed it to the cannibal's
Your just a fucking animal but I'm the Neo Sapien
Cause my original civilization was based upon creation
You know theirs no escaping even though your heart is racing
I'll put your best disciple on academic probation
Fuck the litigation, fuck the best rapper nominations
And fuck the president I voted for assassinations
I'm saying fuck the federal bullshit investigations
Fuck the cover up of ghetto radiation extermination
Using my people for experimentation
And if doesn't play hip hop then fuck your radio station

[Hook]

[Sample of Malcolm X]
"Revolutions overturn systems, revolutions destroy systems!" *[crowd cheers]*

Yo what the fuck happen to reality spitting rhyme slayers
These days everybody trying to be a thug or a player
Where did all the real motherfuckers go in the game
Bring back the break dancers and graffiti writers with fame
I remember hip hop before the mic cunt clapping
Cause I used to drink forties with more flavor then these rappers
Lyrical ego trips doesn't make fortification
Your not dope enough, spit self glorification
So don't jerk me around cause my name ain't masturbation
Life is hard it'll leave you scarred cause I been threw shit
If you consider rap a job I suggest that you quit
Don't you understand the audience will listen and dance
In the club, crib or car or whatever they get the chance
To be emancipated start debating justice in the cipher
Why do you think project rooms look like the cells in Riker's
I'm explaining the significance or the reason behind it
There preparing your children for the prison environment
When you don't amount to shit prison becomes retirement
But I refuse to be took in to central booking in chains
Cause sleeping on the floor in cages starts to fuck with your brain
The system ain't reformatory, it's only purgatory
Close to hell but I rebel as begin to sparkle out
And tell my people how we fell into the trap that we live in
Because they locked us up in ghetto's and began to rape my women
So I leave the system Unforgiven like East Wood

Cause I was bless with lyrical strength to do whatever I could
You should of seen it coming long ago when you were very young
My word is through the father, holy spirit and his fucking son
Cause when I grab the mic device in front of Christ and start to rip it
I'll make Jesus turn around and say "yo pop this nigga flipped it"
So talk about whatever and be what you wanna be
But don't mistake the way I break the faith for simple blasphemy
Cause through the highest frequencies in the NYC
I'm crushing 97.1 percent of MC's

[Hook]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Dance With The Devil"

[Verse 1]
I once knew a nigga whose real name was William
His primary concern, was making a million
Being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen
He used to fuck movie stars and sniff coke in his dreams
A corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen
Nigga never had a father and his mom was a fiend
She put the pipe down, but for every year she was sober
Her son's heart simultaneously grew colder
He started hanging out, selling bags in the projects
Checking the young chicks, looking for hit-and-run prospects
He was fascinated by material objects
But he understood money never bought respect
He built a reputation 'cause he could hustle and steal
But got locked once and didn't hesitate to squeal
So criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real
You see, me and niggas like this have never been equal
I don't project my insecurities on other people
He fiended for props like addicts with pipes and needles
So he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil
A feeble-minded young man with infinite potential
The product of a ghetto-bred capitalistic mental
Coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed
Dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed
But he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

[Hook]
Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences
You probably only did a month for minor offences
Ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance
But then again there's always the wicked that knew in advance
Dance forever with the devil on a cold cell block
But that's what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock
Devils used to be gods angels that fell from the top
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

[Verse 2]
So Billy started robbing niggas, anything he could do
To get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew
Starting fights over little shit, up on the block
Stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock
Working overtime for making money for the crack spot
Hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine
fulfilling the Scarface fantasy stuck in his brain
Tired of the block niggas treating him the same
He wanted to be major like the cut-throats and the thugs
But when he tried to step to 'em, niggas showed him no love

They told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs
Any bitch nigga with a gun can bust slugs
Any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood
Even Puffy smoked a motherfucker up in a club
But only a real thug can stab someone till they die
Standing in front of them, staring straight into their eyes
Billy realized that these men were well-guarded
And they wanted to test him before business started
Suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold-hearted
So now he had a choice between going back to his life
Or making money with made men, up in the cife
His dreams about cars and ice made him agree
A hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be
And so he met them Friday night at a quarter to three

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
They drove around the projects slow while it was raining
Smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment
Until they saw a woman on the street walking alone
Three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home
And so they quietly got out the car and followed her
Walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her
They wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor
"This is it kid, now you got your chance to be raw."
So Billy yoked her up and grabbed the chick by the hair
And dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there
She struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs
They got to the roof and then held her down on the ground
Screaming, "Shut the fuck up and stop moving around!"
The shirt covered her face, but she screamed and clawed
So Billy stomped on the bitch, 'til he broken her jaw
Them dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing
They kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving
Blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently
And then they all proceeded to rape her violently
Billy was made to go first, but each of them took a turn
Ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned
Her broken jaw mumbled for God but they weren't concerned
When they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and bruised
One of them niggas pulled out a brand new twenty-two
They told him that she was a witness for what she'd gone through
And if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew
He thought about it for a minute, she was practically dead
And so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head

[Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep]
I'm falling and I can't turn back
I'm falling and I can't turn back

[Verse 4]
Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life

He thought about the cocaine with the platinum and ice
And he felt strong standing along with his new brothers
Cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover
But what he saw made him start to cringe and stutter
'Cause he was staring into the eyes of his own mother
She looked back at him and cried, 'cause he had forsaken her
She cried more painfully, than when they were raping her
His whole world stopped, he couldn't even contemplate
His corruption had successfully changed his fate
And he remembered how his mom used to come home late
Working hard for nothing, 'cause now what was he worth
He turned away from the woman that had once given him birth
And crying out to the sky 'cause he was lonely and scared
But only the devil responded, 'cause god wasn't there
And right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold
And so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul
They say death takes you to a better place but I doubt it
After that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it
And listen 'cause the story that I'm telling is true
'Cause I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom too
And now the devil follows me everywhere that I go
In fact, I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows
And every street cypher listening to little thugs flow
He could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know
The devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked
White, brown, yellow and black color is not restricted
You have a self-destructive destiny when you're inflicted
And you'll be one of god's children that fell from the top
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot
So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never
Because a dance with the devil might last you forever

[Hidden end feat. Diabolic]

[Immortal Technique]
Oh y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh? Well it's not.
You didn't count on a fallen angel getting back into the grace of god and coming after you.
Ya'll niggas ain't shit
Your producers ain't shit. Your fuckin' A & R ain't shit.
I'll fuckin' wipe my ass with your demo deal.
Yo, Diabolic, take this motherfucker's head off!

[Diabolic]
Go 'head and grip Glocks
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots
I'll watch you topple flat
Put away your rings and holla back
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps
Beneath the surface
I'm overheatin' your receiver circuits by unleashin' deeper verses than priests speak in churches
What you preach is worthless
Your worship defeat the purpose

Like President Bush takin' bullets for the secret service

Beyond what y'all fathom
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em
Show no compassion like havin' a straight-faced orgasm
Tour jack 'em
Have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friend's dick
In the mean time, you can french kiss this clenched fist
Diabolic
A one-man brigade spreading cancer plague
Fist-fuckin' a pussy's face
Holdin' a hand grenade
So if I catch you bluffin'
Faggot, you're less than nothin'
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

[Immortal Technique]
You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army
Storm the planet huntin' you down, 'cause I'm on a mission
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms
Immortal Technique'll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably
Chemically bomb you, fuck usin' a chrome piece
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinkin' of dissin' me
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy
This puppet democracy brain-washed your psychology
So you're nothing, like diversity without equality
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology
Usin' numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfuckin' thug yet
Your mind is empty and spacious
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in a racist
Face it, you're too basic
You're never gonna make it
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Prophecy"

So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal Technique.
What the fuck make you so special nigga?
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle
Subjecting children to sodomy
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in colonies
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy
Searching for monogamy
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a lobotomy
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle in flames
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King James
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire you
Only by dental records will you be identifiable
Cause the future is not reliable
Remember when rap was not economically viable
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a symphony
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy
And shine so far away from you
You'll never get a glimpse of me
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be done
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic
Than a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the demonic
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries
Mercy is not a part of me
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply verbally murdering me
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected inside
The blood stream of my people
And redemption is not located under a church steeple
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after

Just death following the Fourth Reich disaster, a legacy of bastards
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied indefinitely
By the struggle that be the struggle I see
To socialistically united the third world countries
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak prophecy
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly
And I'm not a fucking prophet
But that's the fucking prophecy

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"No Mercy"

[Malcolm X in his famous speech "The Ballot or the Bullet":]
"Brothers and sisters...friends....and I see some enemies.
[Laughter and then applause]
In fact I think we'd be fooling ourselves if we had a audience this large and didn't realize that there were some enemies present."

[Verse One]
I'm a weapon that fires
Lyrical projectiles with no mercy
I'm cold blooded like reptiles
Touch a pregnant bitch and make her give birth to a dead child
Every time I flex styles
Niggas vacate the premises and become exiles
I manufacture rhymes like textiles of x-files
And lighten juveniles
Living life with no purpose
Organize a army that will make the devil's nervous
Competition is worthless
Like the electoral vote
If you provoke I'll break your motherfucking neck in a yoke
Your better off throwing your shitty life away sniffing coke
Technique will choke you into a spiritual state
And it will take a lake of hydrochloric acid to soften this
I'll fake your parents suicide and kill you in the orphanage
But I inspire ideological metamorphosis
Stop talking shit or I'll make your existence a memory
So you can have me frozen cryogenically for centuries
But I'll break the ice if anyone on the planet mentions me
I'll burn a hypocritical flag intentionally
Explosive revolutionary
Chemistry's my destiny

[Chorus: 2x]
No mercy is what I chemically bomb on enemies
Your life's a fucking mistake, technique is the remedy
Destroy you before you become what you intended to be
And in the future you'll worship those that descended from me

[Verse Two]
When I fight you I won't snipe you
I'll use a HIV infected needle to strike you
As well as anyone that vaguely resembles or looks like you
And just to spite you I'll force your children
At gun point to bite you
And rip a piece off
To start the beef off of the rest of your petty limited life
I'm coming at you to catch ya by surprising the sight

Nobodies stupid enough to back ya when tactically attack ya
Because my style is nasty like protruding bone fractures
And your a played out dirty pussy devil
Like Margaret Thatcher
But technique never get captured inside the rapture
Cause I mastered the art of causing natural disasters
You should learn the difference
In between the students and the master
My stature is the dispatcher of damaging decibels
And even though my starving people are considered expendable
I consecutively escape the racist corporate tentacles
I spit raw kinetic energy that's immeasurable
Retaliation for perpetration is unendable
Mercy is not extendible
I'll break your fucking brain down into psychological chemicals

[Chorus: 2x]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Illest"

(feat. Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead)

[Jean Grae]
Ayo, I burn my bridges with a blow torch
a rebel born from verbal holocaust
dirty and never try to clense to get the drama off
the swiftest stealth assassin snipe you
from balcony shots of terrorist position
professional from the opera box
rhyme documents infamous like the
Bill of Right, illa tight, having niggaz
open like the thrill of dykes Jean Grae
ya koo's a mass murderer, friends who got
the dirt on her, foes who never heard of her
wild style, my mouth gone to train up, I spit
Krolyon in five colours, when I speak I spray my
name up, split your wig up like Denny and Bruce
splash your remains and brains out on the street
like Henny and juice, noose your neck and loosen
your spine from back shift your spleen, rip till it's
just obscene, from down town spilling it, New York
illest who rip it ever, flow like a river fuck a girl
like a nigga what?

[scratches]

[Pumpkinhead]
I've been through Hell and back, scars swell
on my back, I spit bars, y'all spit repetative
raps, I'm a street dude, who decided to rhyme
with lines that'll crack the disc between your mind
and your spine, that's why, y'all wanna bite my design
and that's why, usually I hold the mic like a nine
pistol whip you on the side of your eye, watch it
pop out, we knock out cats, with the floors when
it rocks out, shocked out, like you driving in
a lightning storm, with the top down, we got
this locked down, like convicts on the run
getting shot down, we four times
gaining yards in the whole line, see me
and Tech we steadily building, and we about
to blow like the Oklahoma Federal Building
and all them niggaz get mad when we step in
the building, cause we make the crowd jump
and hit they heads on the ceiling, what?

[scratches]

[Immortal Technique]
I spit heat like the deserts of Saudi Arabia
bury competition like Mesopotamia, emanating
radiation pissing liquid uranium, I bring the rock
like European drunks in soccer stadiums, I'll
split your cranium with perfect symmetry lyrically
if your not the illest, then you don't deserve to
spit with me, OBS obliverating bastards
sacrilegiously, I sacrifice niggaz who
talk shit ritualistically, meticulously making
all my rivals suicidal like white suburban
kids on acid reading the Satanic Bible
my arrival is genocidal, like Christopher
Columbus, exterminating racism of whack
MC's that walk among us, I've just begun to bust
I'll make this place, open gondela
these racist cops wanna lock me longer then
Nelson Mandela, pissed off, I'm making hella
paper, East to West coast, and I treat the law in this
country like a mother fucking joke, cause if I'm
willing to smoke the president, while he's sniffing his
Coke, you know it don't mean shit to me
to cut a fucking cops throat

[Immortal Technique talking]
Yea, Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead, Immortal Technique
DP-one, tell 'em what the fuck we about to do

[scratches]
sh..sh..sh..shit on the whole industry

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Speak Your Mind"

[Intro]
You have to speak the truth
You have to speak your mind

[Verse 1]
Every time I speak my mind I'm lyrically critical
The pinnacle of being revolutionarily pivotal
Beyond anything ever studied thats metaphysical
Man fuck a minority, I'm not politically minimal
But obviously terminologies that are statistical
Are manufactured to be unequivocally subliminal
Transmitted by monopolized media visuals
So I riddle hypocritically pitiful criminals
Habitually utilizing typical rituals
With false pretense in attempts to be spiritual
TO individuals who believe in biblical miracles
Instead of themselves, because they're not thinking original
And the color of their skin makes them feel invisible
Like microscopic miscarriages lynched wit the umbilical
Only a fuckin imbecile would think their uncorrectable
Cause your susceptible to becoming more than a spectacle
Remember that your flesh your blood and you body are dissectable
Ill beat you until your vegetable
And wake up in a hospital covered in poisonous chemicals
In a fetal position wit your face sewn to your testicles
Thinkin that you were kidnapped by extraterrestrials
You got heart? I'm the blood that pumps in your ventricles
Technique, I'm like ya soul nigga.. indispensable
Wit no respect for those that cower at the hour of revolution
Cause the government owes my people restitution
Instead of sedatives like cocaine and prostitution
Conclusion is that you'll have to violently silence me
Cause I raid the airwaves of cutthroat piracy
In school my teachers blinded me
But now I can see
I'm mentally and revolutionarily free
Broadening Horizons about what my people could be
If we wasn't set up to get shot locked or OD
You see families bleed because of corporate greed
And monopolizing weed is virtually impossible
So it wont be legalized and thats another obstacle
But I'm still rollin up pocket fulls of tropical
The governments involved directly so its unstoppable
Like a nuclear rocket full of biochemical toxins that invade the ecological
Improbable that the average intellect could understand
So I encrypted this into hip hop thats in high demand
and spread it through the ghetto of every city like contraband

Stomp a man of any complexion with a devilish nature
Cause I'm tryin to save the earth, but your just next in line to rape her

IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Point Of No Return"

[Talking]
Yeah... It's that real this time around
Immortal Technique... Revolutionary Vol. 2
It's on now motherfucker..
Lock and load!

[Verse 1]
This is the point of no return I could never go back
Life without parole, up state shackled and trapped
Living in the hole, lookin' at the world through a crack
But fuck that, I'd rather shoot it out and get clapped
I've gone too far, there ain't no coming back for me
Auschwitz gas chamber full of Zyklon-B
Just like the Spanish exterminating Tainos
Raping the black and Indian women, creating Latinos
Motherfuckers made me out of self-righteous hatred
And you got yourself a virus, stuck in the Matrix
A suicide bomber strapped and ready to blow
Lethal injection strapped down ready to go
Don't you understand they'll never let me live out in peace
Concrete jungle, guerrilla war out in the streets
Nat Turner with the sickle pitch fork and machete
The end of the world, motherfucker you not ready
This is the point of no return and nobody can stop it
Malcolm little when he knelt before Elijah Muhammad
The comet that killed the dinosaurs, changing the earth
They love to criticize they always say I change for the worse
Like prescription pills when you miss-using them nigga
The Templar Knights when they took Jerusalem nigga
And figured out what was buried under Soloman's Temple
Al Aksa the name is not coincidental
I know too much, the government is trying to murder me
No coming back like cutting your wrist open vertically
How could a serpent be purposely put in charge of the country
Genetic engineered sickness spread amongst me
My people are so hungry that they attack without reason
Like a fuckin' dog ripping off the hand that feeds him
Immortal Technique is treason to the patriot act
So come and get me motherfucker cause I'm not coming back

[Hook]
This is the point from which I could never return
And if I back down now then forever I burn
This is the point from which I could never retreat
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace
This is the point from which I will die and succeed
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed

From now on it can never be the same as before
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

[Verse 2]
This is the point of no return nigga you better believe this
Mary Magdalen giving birth to the children of Jesus
The evolution of the world, bloody and dramatic
Human beings killing monkeys to conquer the planet
The kingdoms of Africa and Mesopotamia
Machine gunnin' your body with depleted uranium
This is the age of micro chips and titanium
The dark side of the moon and contact with aliens
I started out like Australians, criminal minded
Broke into hell, tore it down, and built a city behind it
SouthPaw, murderous, methodology nigga
Remember that I'm just a man don't follow me nigga
Cause once you past the point you can never go home
You've got to face the possibility of dying alone
So tell me motherfucker, how could you die for the throne?
When you don't even got the fuckin' heart to die for your own
It rains acid, one day the earth will cry from a stone
And you'll be lookin' at the world livin' inside of a dome
Computerized humanity living inside of a clone
This is the place where the unknown is living and real
Wormwood the planet X and the seventh seal
Universal truth is not measure in mass appeal
This is the last time that I kneel and pray to the sky
Cause almost everything that I was always ever told was a lie

[Hook]
This is the point from which I could never return
And if I back down now then forever I burn
This is the point from which I could never retreat
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace
This is the point from which I will die and succeed
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed
From now on it can never be the same as before
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Peruvian Cocaine"

(feat. C-Rayz Walz & others)

[Intro: from the film "Scarface"]
[Host:] I've heard whispers about the financial support
your government receives from the drug industry.

[Guest:] Well, the irony of this, of course, is that
this money, which is in the billions, is coming from
your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of
our national product, which is of course cocaine.

[Host:] On one hand, you're saying the United States
government is spending millions of dollars to
eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the
same time, we are doing business with the very same
government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

[Guest:] Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other
characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

[Beat starts]

[Two Men Speak in Spanish]

[Immortal Technique - Worker]
I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies
Treated like a slave, the coca fields have to be ready
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at my machete
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my moms
So I pray to "Jesus Cristo" when I go to the mission
Process the cocaine, paste and play my position

[Pumpkinhead - Cocaine Field Boss]
OK, listen Juan Valdez, just give me my product
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a firing squad
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks
40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I *[sniff]*
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

[Diabolic - Peruvian Leader]
Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of the foulest
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate

And assassinate my predecessor to have his place
In a third-world fascist state, lock the nation
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

[Tonedeff - American Drug Distributor]
Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's suddenly grown
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we owe
Would've ya...mind if I told you I had two governments overthrown
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to keep ya tummy swollen
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of bloody throats
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this country's runnin' coke
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who lust for dough

[Poison Pen - Drug Dealer]
I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we inferior
Petrified when we meet in my area (calm down)
My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with my llello
We won't stop for you bastards
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

[Loucipher - Undercover Police Officer]
Taking pictures and tapping phones
Debating snitches and cracking codes
Past a couple, blast the fo',
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack the blow
And my overtime is where your taxes go
I gain your trust
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front
On the low with cameras taping ya
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence room

[C-Rayz Walz - Prison Inmate]
Out the evidence room *[Said with Loucipher]*
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you
You think you got work? They copping too
We control blocks, they lock countries
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker money
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding
With bugs in they house like they down South with windows open
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and (?)
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke
Players do favors for governors and tax makers

Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors
The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared
Not prepared to do years like Javier

[Immortal Technique Speaking]
The story just told is an example of the path that
drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in
every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than
the niggas on your block. So when they point the
finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to tell them:

[Wesley Snipes - from "New Jack City"]
I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The
lawmakers, the politicians, the Colombian drug lords,
all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just
like you did with alcohol during the prohibition.
You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick
the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem.
Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing
is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big
business. This is the American way.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Harlem Streets"

[Verse 1]
Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder
Like those motherfuckers running away from the Twin Towers
Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower
Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power
Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box
Government cocaine cooked into ghetto crack rock
Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments
Working your whole life wondering where the day went
The subway stays pakced like a multi-cultural slave ship
It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'
And people coming home after corporate share croppin
And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children
But gentrification is kicking them out of their building
A generation of babies born without health care
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

[Hook]
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

[Verse 2]
It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down
The sound of conservative politicians on television
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen
They vote for us to go to war instantly
But none of their kids serving the infantry
The odds are stacked against us like a casino
Think about it, most of the army is black and latino
And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words
You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways
But you can't read history at an illiterate stage
And you can't raise a family on minimum wage
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage
I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent
You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn
In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya
Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people
Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal

But I see through the mentality implanted in us
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

[Hook]
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Obnoxious"

Asshole
Don't know me

I'm obnoxious, motherfucker can't you tell
Run through Little Havana yelling, '¡Viva Fidel'
Jerking off with the sheets when I stay at hotels
Drinking Bacardi at AA meetings, smoking a L

I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer
Like American companies that did business with Hitler

Get the picture, nigga? I'm the best of both worlds
Without the hidden camera and the 12-year old girl
Let's face it, you're basic, you aren't half the man that I am
I'll throw your gang sign up, and then I'll spit on my hand

Give me a hundred grand, give me your watch, give me your chain
That's your girl? Bitch, get over here, give me some brain
I'll bust off on her face, and right after the segment
She'll probably rub it in her pussy, tryna get herself pregnant

I said it I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies
Like pro-lifers that support the death penalty
And don't talk about war when niggas know that you're puss
A fucking hypocrite draft-dodger like George Bush

Don't push me, nigga, 'cause I'm close to the edge
And I'll jump of with a rope that's wrapped around your head
Send a dead fetus to my ex on Valentine's Day
The safety's off nigga, so get the fuck out my way

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Yeah, nigga

Look motherfucker, my words damage and slaughter
A raging alcoholic like the president's daughters
Disgusting flow like third-world-country tap water.
But before I hit the border, someone give me a quarter

'Cause I'mma prank call, cop shot just for kicks
Payback for every time that they called me a "spic"
And Puerto-Rican chicks told me that I fuck like I'm loco
And Dominican women call me the 'Rompe Toto'

They call me "ocioso", I'd rather get fired than quit
I get unemployment, you work, and we making the same shit
How dare you niggas criticize the way that I spit
You coffee-shop revolutionary son of a bitch

But you know what the fuck I think is just pathetic and gay
When niggas speculate what the fuck 'Pac would say
You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective
And talking shit'll get your neck bone disconnected

Disrespected niggas don't show no love
Why you tryna be hardcore, you fucking homo-thug
And don't be sensitive and angry at the shit that I wrote
'Cause if you can take a fucking dick, you can take a joke

I'll choke your friends in front of you, to prove that you've fallen off
And you won't do shit about it, like the Church during the Holocaust
Kalashnikov machine gun flow that I fire
Obnoxious until they shoot me on the day I retire

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Damn, homie, in high school I beat the shit out of you and your man, homie
Your girl wanna blow me and don't even know me
She lonely and she thinks you're a phony
I'll take a piss on a development deal from Sony, or Def Jam
'Cause you're like all of the rest man
This ain't a verse, it's shit talk at the end of the song
And you can suck a dick if you think I ended it wrong
Fuck you and I'm gone

Peace to the Stronghold, EOW
Word-A-Mouf, Forbidden Chapters
IAK niggas, Wax Poe, killin' you slow
The Plague, I'll murder a show
You don't even know
Yeah, foul play nigga
Harlem!

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Message & The Money"

[Immortal Technique]
Before we go any further..
I would like to send a message to all the underground mc's out there, working hard
The time has come to realize you networked in a market
and stop being a fucking commodity
And if you didn't understand what I've just said then you already waiting to get fucked
For example; a lot of these promoters are doing showcases
throwing events, and not even paying the workhorses
They trying get us to rock for the love of hiphop or rock for the exposure
Now look man, I don't mind doing a guest spot for my peeps
Or, or, or doing a benefit show, but don't lie to me pussy
Coz I find out I'm paying your lightbill, I'm fucking you up nigga
Besides, you ain't doing this for the love, you ain't doing it for the exposure
you charging up to 10$ at the door, and you ain't tryin to give me shit??
So wait a minute... you want me to go shopping, cook the food, and put it in front of you
but you won't let me sit down and eat with you? The fuck is that?
Niggaz need to start playing their position, man. Just coz you throw a party
a hosting event or an open mic or a showcase, or a battle
that don't make you important at all
Without me and everybody like me out there
you ain't nutting but a good idea, motherfucker
So stay in your place

And to all these bitchass saronayas who are too lazy to come up with a way to sell records..
That they keep recycling marketing schemes and imagery
C'mon..
There is a market for everything man
There is a market for pet psychologists nigga. There is a market for twisted
shitfetish video's. For nipplerings, for riverdancing, for chocolate cupboard roaches..
But you can't find one for cultured hardcore reality and hiphop?
People like you: the house nigga executives
and them rich motherfuckers that own you; you the motherfucking machine man!
You and all these niggaz talking about the same shit
with the same flow over the same candy-ass beats
But I refuse the feed the machine
And Im not giving any magazine money
So maybe my album won't get 5 mics, or double-x-l's, or 5 discs
Whatever man, fuck it
But then again; you don't own me, and none of you niggaz ever will
If I'm feeling what you fight for I'm rolling with you to the end
But if not, then FUCK YOU!
And the more that mc's, producers, dj's
and independent labels start to grasp the conceptuality
of what their contribution to the business of hiphop is
rather then just the music - the more the industry will be forced to change

Oh, heh, and one last thing;

You don't have to agree with everything I've said
But don't ever be condescending to me
Picking up your wack ass friends that rhyme and being like
'Ow yeah, Immortal Technique - he's aaiight'
No nigga..
Your mom is pussy, that's aaiight, ok..
Your peoples getting shot dead in the street, that's aaiight
I'm the motherfucking Immortal Technique nigga! The message and the money!
And you ain't got either!
Remember that!
Punk ass motherfucker..

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Industrial Revolution"

[Verse 1]
Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done
I leave you full eclipse like the moon blocking the sun
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch
and now these parasites wanna percent of asscap
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback
but here's a quotable for every single record exec
"get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga" like Malcolm X
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes
I leave you to your own destruction like sparking a fiend
'cause you got jealousy in you voice like star scream
and that's the primary reason that I hate you faggots
I've been nice since niggas got killed over 8-ball jackets
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker
and murder counter revolutionaries personally
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury
ANR's tried jerking me thinking they call shots
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

[Hook]
This is the business, and you all ain't getting nothing for free
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company
you can call it reparations or restitution
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

[Verse 2]
I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave
two million people in prison keep the government paid
stuck in a six by eight cell alive in the grave
I was made by revolution to speak to the masses
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the glasses
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards
innocent deep in a casket, Colombian fashion
intoxicated off the flow like thugs passion
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'

your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion
your better off banging for twenty points for a label
your better off battling cancer under telephone cabels
Technique chemically unstable, set to explode
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold
'cause if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the limit
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets

[Hook]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Crossing The Boundary"

Danger! Beat bandits, nigga!
Yeah. Harlem to Chicago to L.A., to Toronto, Philly, motherfucking Rio De Janeiro, nigga
Ha-ha. Cape Town, South Africa

I never make songs that disrespect women
Or that judge people about the way that they're living
But the way I am is based on the life I was given
Like them white boys: 'Losing My Religion'

I used to be a Christian and a political pawn
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong
Next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song
Come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong

Pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb
'Ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on
These rap niggas made propaganda out of your song

But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo
My dick is like my music, but harder to swallow
So children follow me, like the pied piper
And sing the chorus in the air, with your blunt in your lighter

Sing that shit nigga right now

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first in this respect
Scripted specifically to keep people in check
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me
But Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me

And underground labels know that I don't trust you
You're only independent 'til you're major, so fuck you
And if you're pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue

'Dance With The Devil', remember that you're not on my level

Stupid, you're not ready, I won Disypher, Bragging Rights from Rocksteady
And practically every battle that they got in New York
And I still murder rappers on the street for sport

Doctor Guillotine cutting you short, little man
But you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scribble Jam
Well, fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew
And fuck your family too
Technique said it bitch
What the fuck you gon' do?

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

Yeah. Wrap it up on these niggas. Wrap it up. Yeah

Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags
Burn Trent Lott, wrapped in his confederate flag
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag
So put the African slave jewelry in the bag

Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever
What?
But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?
House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug
You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love

Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky
I'm like the body snatchers and your girl is getting sleepy
I'll murder you indiscreetly, right at the source
Like the Roman legionnaire that stabbed Christ on the cross

This is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus
And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis
Nigga, please, moving shit with your mind
Try moving your moms out the projects with your rhymes

And next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity
Fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'
Roll up 'de hierba, y pasala, para la isquierda'

Put the price up to listen to me pop shit
'Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips
Underground money with honeys up in the whip
Bangbus.com, nigga, fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself, nigga
Fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me
Why open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I am
I thought I told you niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around
You just slept, 'cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era
When niggas would buy anything on the shelf
But those days are through, and you are through with them

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The 4th Branch"

[Talking]
The new age is upon us
And yet the past refuses to rest in its shallow grave
For those who hide behind the false image of the son of man
shall stand before God!!! It has begun
The beginning of the end
Yeah..
Yeah... yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]
The voice of racism preaching the gospel is devilish
A fake church called the prophet Muhammad a terrorist
Forgetting God is not a religion, but a spiritual bond
And Jesus is the most quoted prophet in the Qu'ran
They bombed innocent people, tryin' to murder Saddam
When you gave him those chemical weapons to go to war with Iran
This is the information that they hold back from Peter Jennings
Cause Condoleeza Rice is just a new age Sally Hemmings
I break it down with critical language and spiritual anguish
The Judas I hang with, the guilt of betraying Christ
You murdered and stole his religion, and painting him white
Translated in psychologically tainted philosophy
Conservative political right wing, ideology
Glued together sloppily, the blasphemy of a nation
Got my back to the wall, cause I'm facin' assassination
Guantanamo Bay, federal incarceration
How could this be, the land of the free, home of the brave?
Indigenous holocaust, and the home of the slaves
Corporate America, dancin' offbeat to the rhythm
You really think this country, never sponsored terrorism?
Human rights violations, we continue the saga
El Savador and the contras in Nicaragua
And on top of that, you still wanna take me to prison
Just cause I won't trade humanity for patriotism

[Hook]
It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view of the ghetto
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle
A bandana full of glittering, generality
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?
Read about the history of the place that we live in
And stop letting corporate news tell lies to your children

[Verse 2]
Flow like the blood of Abraham through the Jews and the Arabs

Broken apart like a woman's heart, abused in a marriage
The brink of holy war, bottled up, like a miscarriage
Embedded correspondents don't tell the source of the tension
And they refuse to even mention, European intervention
Or the massacres in Jenin, the innocent screams
U.S. manufactured missles, and M-16's
Weapon contracts and corrupted American dreams
Media censorship, blocking out the video screens
A continent of oil kingdoms, bought for a bargain
Democracy is just a word, when the people are starvin'
The average citizen, made to be, blind to the reason
A desert full of genocide, where the bodies are freezin'
And the world doesn't believe that you fightin' for freedom
Cause you fucked the Middle East, and gave birth to a demon
It's open season with the CIA, bugging my crib
Trapped in a ghetto region like a Palestinian kid
Where nobody gives a fuck whether you die or you live
I'm tryin' to give the truth, and I know the price is my life
But when I'm gone they'll sing a song about Immortal Technique
Who beheaded the President, and the princes and sheiks
You don't give a fuck about us, I can see through your facade
Like a fallen angel standing in the presence of God
Bitch niggaz scared of the truth, when it looks at you hard

[Hook]
It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view in the ghetto
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle
A bandana full of glittering, generality
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?
Martial law is coming soon to the hood, to kill you
While you hanging your flag out your project window

[Talking]
Yeah..
The fourth branch of the government AKA the media
Seems to now have a retirement plan for ex-military officials
As if their opinion was at all unbiased
A machine shouldn't speak for men
So shut the fuck up you mindless drone!
And you know it's serious
When these same media outfits are spending millions of dollars on a PR campaign
To try to convince you they're fair and balanced
When they're some of the most ignorant, and racist people
Giving that type of mentality a safe haven
We act like we share in the spoils of war that they do
We die in wars, we don't get the contracts to make money off 'em afterwards!
We don't get weapons contracts, nigga!
We don't get cheap labor for our companies, nigga!
We are cheap labor, nigga!
Turn off the news and read, nigga!
Read... read... read...

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Internally Bleeding"

Yea... Yea... Ay yo
The things I've seen in life will make you choke by surprise
Like an aborted fetus in a jar that opened it's eyes
Provoking my demise, I'll leave your spirit broken inside
Like the feeling of 50 million people hoping you'd die
And niggaz wonder why my heart is full of hatred and anger
Cause some bitch killed my first born son with a coat hanger
I strangled out the pain until my soul was empty and cold
Crippled and worthless, so I thought that it could never be sold
My mother told me that placing my faith in God was the answer
But then I hated God cause he gave my mother cancer
Killing her slow like the Feds did to the Black Panthers
The genesis of genocide is like a Pagan religion
Carefully hidden, woven into the holidays of a Christian
I had a vision of nuclear holocaust on top of me
And this is prophecy, the words that I speak from my lungs
The severed head of John the Baptist speaking in tongues
Like "Che Guevara" my soliloquies speak through a gun
Paint in slow motion like trees that reach for the sun
Nigga the preaching is done cause I don't got a DJ
Like Reverend Run, I curse the life of any man who kills
Benevolent ones, I never asked to be the messenger
But I was chosen to speak the words of every African slave
Dumped in the ocean, stolen by America
Tortured, buried, and frozen written out of the history books
Your children are holding, internally bleeding, cold blooded
Stripped of emotion, I go through the motions, but there's no
Life in my eyes, it's like I'm hooked up to a respirator
Waiting to die, hooked up to the fucking chair
Waiting to fry, soothing an electrocution currently used
In my execution, producing thoughts at the speed of light
Burning confusion, I'm loosing my sight, breathing is tight
The evening is white, I made my peace with the Lord and now I
Stand on his right..

Death is a another part of life..
These are my last words, I'm having difficultly breathing
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning
These are my last words, I'm having difficultly breathing
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Cause Of Death"

[Talking]
Immortal Technique
Revolutionary Volume 2
Yeah, broadcasting live from Harlem, New York
Let the truth be known..

[Verse 1]
You better watch what the fuck flies outta ya mouth
Or I'ma hijack a plane and fly it into your house
Burn your apartment with your family tied to the couch
And slit your throat, so when you scream, only blood comes out
I doubt that there could ever be...a more wicked MC
'Cause AIDS infested child molesters aren't sicker than me
I see the world for what it is, beyond the white and the black
The way the government downplays historical facts
'Cause the United States sponsored the rise of the 3rd Reich
Just like the CIA trained terrorists to the fight
Build bombs and sneak box cutters onto a flight
When I was a child, the Devil himself bought me a mic
But I refused the offer, 'cause God sent me to strike
With skills unused like fallopian tubes on a dyke
My words'll expose George Bush and Bin Laden
As two separate parts of the same seven headed dragon
And you can't fathom the truth, so you don't hear me
You think illuminati's just a fucking conspiracy theory?
That's why Conservative racists are all runnin' shit
And your phone is tapped by the Federal Government
So I'm jammin' frequencies in ya brain when you speak to me
Technique will rip a rapper to pieces indecently
Pack weapons illegally, because I'm never hesitant
Sniper scoping a commission controlling the president

[Hook]
Father, forgive them, for they don't know right from wrong
The truth will set you free, written down in this song
And the song has the Cause of Death written in code
The Word of God brought to life, that'll save ya soul..

Save ya soul motherfucker...save ya soul..

Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 2]
I hacked the Pentagon for self-incriminating evidence
Of Republican manufactured white powder pestilence
Marines Corps. flack vest, with the guns and ammo
Spittin' bars like a demon stuck inside a piano

Turn a Sambo into a soldier with just one line
Now here's the truth about the system that'll fuck up your mind
They gave Al Queda 6 billion dollars in 1989 to 1992
And now the last chapters of Revelations are coming true
And I know a lot of people find it hard to swallow this
Because subliminal bigotry makes you hate my politics
But you act like America wouldn't destroy two buildings
In a country that was sponsoring bombs dropped on our children
I was watching the Towers, and though I wasn't the closest
I saw them crumble to the Earth like they was full of explosives
And they thought nobody noticed the news report that they did
About the bombs planted on the George Washington bridge
Four Non-Arabs arrested during the emergency
And then it disappeared from the news permanently
They dubbed a tape of Osama, and they said it was proof
"Jealous of our freedom," I can't believe you bought that excuse
Rocking a motherfucking flag don't make you a hero
Word to Ground Zero
The Devil crept into Heaven, God overslept on the 7th
The New World Order was born on September 11

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
And just so Conservatives don't take it to heart
I don't think Bush did it, 'cause he isn't that smart
He's just a stupid puppet taking orders on his cell phone
From the same people that sabotaged Senator Wellstone
The military industry got it poppin' and lockin'
Looking for a way to justify the Wolfowitz Doctrine
And as a matter of fact, Rumsfeld, now that I think back
Without 9/11, you couldn't have a war in Iraq
Or a Defense budget of world conquest proportions
Kill freedom of speech and revoke the right to abortions
Tax cut extortion, a blessing to the wealthy and wicked
But you still have to answer to the Armageddon you scripted
And Dick Cheney, you fucking leech, tell them your plans
About building your pipelines through Afghanistan
And how Israeli troops trained the Taliban in Pakistan
You might have some house niggas fooled, but I understand
Colonialism is sponsored by corporations
That's why Halliburton gets paid to rebuild nations
Tell me the truth, I don't scare into paralysis
I know the CIA saw Bin Laden on dialysis
In '98 when he was Top Ten for the FBI
Government ties is really why the Government lies
Read it yourself instead of asking the Government why
'Cause then the Cause of Death will cause the propaganda to die..

[Man talking]
He is scheduled for 60 Minutes next.
He is going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television.
People everywhere are starting to listen to him.

It's embarrassing

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Freedom Of Speech"

Freedom of speech, motherfucker
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)

[Pinocchio]
I got no strings to hold be down
To make me fret or make me frown
I had strings, but now I'm free
I got no strings on me

[Verse 1]
Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man
Intelligent plans
Fuck a record deal, I want development land
With my benevolent clan
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam
40,000 records sold, 400 grand
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf
And because of this executives try to diss me
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the majors
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain

[Pinocchio]
I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

[Verse 2]
I guess to America I'm a disaster
A slave that was destined to own his masters
Independent in every single sense of the word
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb
This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech
But now you want try to control the way that I speak
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi
No corporate sponser telling me what to do

Asking me to tone it down during the interview
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in charge
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explan:

[Pinocchio]
I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do
Immortal Technique-dot-com live for you
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus
You motherfuckers just can't compare
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the cut
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up

Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News! Fuck those snake-ass bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what to think
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we want to free them"
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about those people
You can suck my dick!!
(hahahaha)

Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga
Its my day off, word up
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)
Beat Bandits

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Leaving The Past"

They told me I would never make it, I would never achieve it
Reality is nourishment, but people don't believe it
I guess it's hard to stomach the truth like a bulimic
It's a dirty game and nobody is willing to clean it
But this is for the paraplegic, people dreamin' of runnin'
Ladies married to men who don't please 'em, dreamin' of comin'
Verbally murderous like David Berkowitz when I'm gunnin'
Some cowards on the Internet didn't think I would sell
Scared to talk shit in person, 'cause they stuck in a shell
And couldn't understand the pain of being stuck in a cell
Hell is not a place you go, if you're not a Christian
It's the failure of your life's greatest ambition
It's a bad decision to blindly follow any religion
I don't see the difference in between the wrong and the wrong
Soldiers emptyin' their clips at little kids and their moms
Are just like a desperate motherfucker strapped to a bomb
Humanity's gone, smoked up in a gravity bong
By a democrat republican Cheech and Chong
Immortal Technique, you never heard me preach in a song
I'm not controversial, I'm just speakin' the facts
Put your hands in the air like you got the heat to your back
And shake your body like a baby born addicted to crack
And since life's a gamble like the craps tables at Vegas
I freestyle my destiny, it's not written in pages

I hate it when they tell us how far we came to be
As if our people's history started with slavery
Painfully I discovered the shit they kept a secret
This is the exodus like the black Jews out of Egypt
I keep it reality based with the music I make
Blow up the truth in your face with the style I run with
Like the Navy missile that shot down Flight 800
I'm like the Africans who came here before Colombus
And from the fifteen hundreds until after the morrow
I watch Latin America get raped in the sorrow
You see the Spaniards never left despues de Colon
And if you don't believe me, you can click on Univision
I never seen so much racism in all of my life
Every program and newscast, all of them white
It's like Apartheid with 10 percent ruling the rest
That type of stress 'll make me put the fucking tool to your chest
Step in my way nigga, I wouldn't wanna be ya
I burn slow like pissing drunk with gonorrhea
I'll do a free show in North Korea, burning the flag
While J. Edgar Hoover politicians dress up in drag
Try to confuse you, makin' it hard to follow this:
Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous

You swallow propaganda like a birth control pill
Sellin' your soul to the eye on the back of the dollar bill
But that will never be me, 'cause I'm leavin' the past
Like an abused wife with the kids, leavin' your ass
Like a drug addict clean and sober, leavin' the stash
Unbreakable Technique leavin' the plane crash
I'm out with the black box and I refuse to return
I spit reality, instead of what you usually learn
And I refuse to be concerned with condescending advice
'Cause I'm the only motherfucker that could change my life

Some people think I won't make it
But I know that I will
Escape the emptiness
'Cause that shit is slow and it kills
The flow and the skill
I made y'all believe that it last
You can make the future
But it starts with leaving the past

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"You Never Know"

(feat. Jean Grae)

[Immortal Technique:]
She was on her way to becoming a college graduate
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid
The type of Latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire
Disciplined, intellectual beauty is what I desire
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless
At first I just thought she didn't mess with broke kids
The thug niggas always talking about how they smoke kids
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say
Everyone around the way gave up trying to get in it
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it
On the block, bitches was jealous but wouldn't admit it
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it, 'cause they regretted the long list of niggas that they let hit it
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick
Smoking weed, with thoughts of envy whenever they lit it
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy
But when they tried to use her vocab they sounded sloppy
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure

[Jean Grae:]
Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]
Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute
I didn't have a gimmick, so the minutes turned to hours
On her birthday I gave her a poem with flowers
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower
We talked about power to the people and such
We spent more time together, but it was never enough
I never tried to sneak a touch or even cop a feel
I was too interested in keeping it real
Perfectly honest and complete

She would always call me "cariño" and never Technique
Bought me a new book to read every two or three weeks
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak
It was because of her I even deaded all of my freaks
She convinced me to stop hanging out on the streets
To stop robbin' and stealing from people like you
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo
Museo del Barrio, and the Metropolitan too
Got to the point when I was either with her or my crew
So I decided one day to tell her my feelings was true
I couldn't live without her, so I told her, facing my fears
But honey's only response was a face full of tears
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

[Jean Grae:]
Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]
I went on with my life, college and my career
Ended up locked up like an animal for a year
Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer
Then I got sent to the hole when my exit was near
At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her
Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared
Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole
In the summer, came back, intact and on track
But the fact of the matter is I still felt cold
Even after my mother hugged me, crying at home
My real niggas would catch me thinking, outta my zone
Fucking lots of different women, but I still felt alone
Relatively well-known around the New York underground
But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down
The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair
Though gone physically, somehow it was still there
I had to do something because the shit was too much to bear
So I went and visited the building where she used to live
The world looks a lot different after you do a bid
The way your life done changed
While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game
Like her cousin who was on the corner, slanging cocaine
Stepped in the lobby, and tapped the button next to her last name
Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up like a mother oughta
But her facial expression changed

When I asked about her daughter

[Jean Grae:]
Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]
She told me that there was a note, for me, that was left behind
And she had left it there waiting for such a long time
I was inclined to ask about it, but she brought it up first
I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed
She told me where the letter was, and I started thinking the worst
Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door
And sure enough there was an envelope
With my name on the floor: "Nobody loves you more than me, cariño," is what the letter said

"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead
But when you left in '97, a part of me went to Heaven
I thank God at least I got to know what love really was
But it hurt me to see what true love really does
'Cause even though we never made love
You were all that there was
It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave
You made me doubt the way I thought
You made me want to believe
And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me
It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me
This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be
Baby, don't you see?
I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV
Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993
I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you
I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you
Promise that you'll meet me in Paradise inevitably
No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"

What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur
But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her
She was buried on August 3rd
The story ends without a sequel; and now you know why Technique don't fucking fall in love with people
Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you
The one you love, not the person that'll simply have sex with you
Appreciate them to the fullest extent and then beyond
'Cause you never really know what you got until it's gone

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"One (Remix)"

(feat. Akir)

[Intro]
[Akir:] Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good
[Immortal Technique:] Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?
[Akir:] Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them Knahmsayin?
[Immortal Technique:] No question, it's like the elders told me
No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something
So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now
[Akir:] The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

[Akir]
One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down
Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down
Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds
It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found
Facing the nation complacent radio stations now
Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient
Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin
Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in
Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions
They fouls are more than flagrant
And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement
Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement
Usin the tools of old ancients
Announcing my engagment to this music that we making
Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)
Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap
It's like

[Hook]
One love
One music
One people
One movement
One heart
One spark
One, One, One, One
One gift
One lift
One stance
One shift
One way
One day
One, One, One, One, One

[Immortal Technqique]
Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir
Our family surived the genocides so we can be here
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns
The red don communist threat, burried and gone
So they invented a war, the goverment can carry on
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the man
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known
And this is for all the soliders that'll never come home
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace
Eddie Ramierez's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else

[Hook]

[Immotal Technique talking]
Yeah..
Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here
And sometime far away from when I recorded this
Remember that history
Isn't the way the corperate controlled media made it look like
Read between the lines and free your mind
Revolution is the birth of equality
And the anti-thesis to oppression
But this is only built for real motherfuckers
So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with
Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals
The shit is real over here man
Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop
The heart and soul of our culture
Keeping the truth alive
Goodnight my people.. goodnight..

IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
DJ GREEN LANTERN
THE 3RD WORLD

"Apocalypse Remix"

(feat. Akir, Pharoahe Monch)

{"Green Lantern"}

[Immortal Technique:]
The system, can never stop what's been set into motion
Like volcanic eruptions on the floor of the ocean
My purpose is to burst to the surface
Immersed in the smoltering lava from verses
Surrounded by, murder mamis not bitches that's worthless
I cut chicken heads off, like hexes and curses, weapons I purchase
Make Homeland Security nervous; I run, pockets and purses
Like subway searchers robbin masonic temples disguised as churches
I'm busy so I'll leave that one for you to interpret
Three serpents of merchants from military industry murder
The beef is eatin up, like the mad cow in your burger
Fathom the cause of cattle cannibalism
Factory farms, are like a fuckin animal prison
The microcosm of, Adam Smith's capitalism
America's pagan religion given as the mark of the beast to the Christians
A destruction of, Babylon, that's my mission!

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars
We fight for the release of political hostages
Motherfuckin right soldier, this is the apocalypse!
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars
We fight for the release of political hostages
Waitin for 2012's burning apocalypse

[Akir:]
Yo, sex drugs and murder, webcams and burgers
Check scams and lurkers, test scans to purpose
Sect crams to further, death plans and workers
Get canned you nervous as you step, plan that hurts us
It's demand to be purchased, we can care if you serve us
We programmed to be perfect, frequent handed the serpents
An amazement on purpose, see I'm amazin my earners
But now the tables is turnin, got my hand right on that curtain
Hit the stages and burn it, with these pages I earn this
Can't take it, I'm nervous while fake enemies perp'in
Foul energies worth and, crowds' ears'll be perkin
Take it somethin disturbin and it's hurtin for certain
Yearnin to get my turn in, workin to get a word in
Been in the scene observin while I'm learnin how the system's worked and
Capitalistic merchants tryin to make a million urgent
Constructive revolution confusin how the world's burnin

[Chorus x2: Akir]
Everywhere I get 'em go, the beast watchin us
Know we got the spot in control, they got binoculars
When we be, out on the road they try to follow us
You never gon' silence this, this is the apocalypse

[Pharoahe Monch:]
You have now acquired an old cyrus hybrid, work 'til my third iris
Chip inside my brain projects scriptures onto my eyelids
Celibacy, virtual sex, avoid the virus
Secretive shit that I did will put the city at high risk
The mentalist, the temple that houses the wisdom
It's like, Malcolm X calculus amalgamated algorithms
They say "Pharoahe, teach me about the system"
Nigga boot me in your computer I'll give you acute astigmatism
See through +Windows+, +Word+, Pharoahe's the +Mac+ +Intel+
Bit off the +Apple+, plant seeds, spit crack +Excel+
Lyrical +FireFox+, the verbal +Explorer+
Who metaphors the industry to Sodom and Gomorrah for ya
They profit from water, they'll profit from oxygen
Pharoahe the prophet says that this is the apocalypse
We livin in these last days, use your optics what the topic is
The coppers got binoculars, they'll probably try to knock us cause

[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch, Immortal Technique]
[Pharoahe Monch:] Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me
[Immortal Technique:] Satellites observin the fulfillment of the prophecy
[Pharoahe Monch:] Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies
[Immortal Technique:] Cause none of you got an apocalypse insurance policy
[Pharoahe Monch:] Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me
[Immortal Technique:] Fascism breakin out of the cocoon of democracy
[Pharoahe Monch:] Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies
[Immortal Technique:] Iraq was just practice for the urban war philosophy

[Outro: Immortal Technique]
Ha ha ha, AH-hahahahaha!
It's burnin in here, call the Fyre Dept.
Akir, aiyyo Pharoahe
They ain't never gon' find this shit man
Ha ha ha ha, like the weapons of mass destruction
[laughing]

"Death March"

[DJ Green Lantern]
This is an invasion, an occupation
Immortal Technique, the evil genius DJ Green Lantern
And you're now in the state of guerilla warfare
It has been spread by the superpowers of the industry
To the 3rd World underground of the streets
This is for all those who've been labeled extemists, maniacs, terrorists
Shit.. Welcome to the 3rd World

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah.. Yeah..

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation
[2x]

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians
They call us terrorists after they ruined our countries
Funding right-wing paramilitary monkeys
Tortured our populace then blamed the communists
Your lies are too obvious, propoganda monotanous
And that's not socialist mythology
This is urban warfare through the streets of your psychology
So I'm like the legs of a paraplegic really
Cause I'm still part of you even if you can't feel me
You can never debate me, The M4s at your baby
Like troops with gats in Iraq do daily
So you can marginalize the way you portray me
But don't get Hollywood and try to play me
We can shoot it out in the theater like troops in the 80s
New Jack City classic crap era, mack-milli
Shouting BET is not black-owned on Rap City
You got a contract to kill me motherfucker, that's fine
Cause there's a contract to kill your family when I die
So when your car explodes, don't be surprised
Soldier, I'm like Marine Corp C4
Even blow the spot with the beat rocking at 3/4
Canvas the flow like the ghost of Michaelangelo
This is the anthem, Immortal Technique and Green Lantern
Don't say shit bitch, you don't want the "check, check"
To become a ..chick, chick.. You know what I'm sick with
Lyrical tuberculosis, cocaine overdoses
Blood coming out your noses, that's when death approaches

March to my death smilin, laugh if the end's violent
There's no escape from this political asylum

Revolutionaries don't fear execution
Cause the death of my visible Constitution
Is just the beginning of spiritual evolution
God will reincarnate me as revolution

[DJ Green Lantern]
You can't take out a revolution
You can't kill a idea
Fuck is you stupid?
You kill that man, he becomes martyr

[Immortal Technique]
Ignore the triplets, this is a fully loaded four-four
3rd World underground hardcore
Street-hop, locked and loaded, motherfucker you should know it
Blast the door to the game open and overthrow it

"That's What It Is"

[Invasion]
Ok... let's go... talk to em'... holler
Don't you get tired of hearing niggas say that shit?... all the time?
Why can't you shut the fuck up and rhyme nigga?!

[Invasion]
Yeah... yeah... used to run around getting my fight in the streets on
Back in the day before Harlem had a green zone
What good is a good education with no direction?
Like the right to vote with no one to vote for in an election
Like a gun with no bullets in the clip for protection
Like the crowd packed in the front without the midsection
Used to live robbing and stealing and being reckless
It took time for my mind to put the ghetto in perspective
I used to live in the back, of a holding van
Used to be offbeat, like the white girls' shoulder dance
I wrote rhymes a cappella, no beat, behind bars
Shed blood to make it, like the story behind scars
I used to be a battle champion, in the meanwhile
Before some of you little fuckers learned to freestyle
Prematurely senile, underground prima donnas
I was Oliver North during Iran Contra
Cause I, never snitched, and that's backed by evidence
I learned it by watching you, don't ever forget it bitch
Cause everybody knows how the government do
They never snitch on themselves, but they want you to snitch on YOU
Evolution from Australopithecus
Primitive commercial shit to hard-core lyricist
Your wax is useless
Rappers are dropping like Icarus
Technological revolution... nigga picture this

(motherfucka what?)

Yeah... I told you what it was, but this is what it is now
Lyrical bullets, packed to the top of the clip now
Treat it like a robbery, I'm shutting this shit down
Fellas put your hands up and the all the women strip down
That's not misogynist, you ostriches, cause I could just, apocalypse
Talk politics to the populace
Or challenge what the market is
With militant caucuses
That'll smash the spirit of Hip Hop out the sarcophagus
This is the curse of Tutankhamen, I bring the drama on
I'm sinful, I eat you, broad daylight on Ramadan
Hip Hop, reparations, now we taking back Delucci
Don't tell me you spent it on coke, like Danny Bonaduce
We're tired of being on the outside, looking in
Wondering what the fuck Hip Hop would've been

This is what it is, as opposed to what it used to be
And this is your corporate tax ID eulogy
Dominant speech is the new breed, that won't let you breath
I'll make you die for what I believe
So we got nothing in common
There ain't no comparison
You got beef with niggas, I got beef with Aryans
White power Nazi European Americans
Rapid Poverty pimps, and fake vegetarians
The resurrection, ripping a ball through the record (wrecking?) section
Flight connection to the gentry board of all guerrilla lessons
Fuck a middle man distributor, I got a choice now
This ain't Volume 1., I got a grown man's voice now
Toured the country four times over, I'm older and wiser
Poisonous words, you'll find strychnine in my saliva

(motherfucka what?... Bring it to 'em raw)

I told you what it was, but this is what it is now
50 caliber bullets, I don't need a clip now
Fuck your private jet nigga we shooting the shit down
Bomb wall street and make the stock market dip down
I told you what it was, but this is what it is now
you the shit nigga, I don't care about shit now
I play the role of Abraham, idols get ripped down
Melt the ice caps, and make all of this shit brown

(No one out there can fuck with me)
(motherfucka what?)
(I speak that real shit)
(to smash the airwaves)
(I don't want to tell you motherfuckers again)

"Golpe De Estado"

[Intro]
Lamentablemente, las condiciones que estamos viviendo en
han llegado a seruna miseria insoportable para la gente
Pero hay unas veinte patrias engreidas que todavia creen
en una sociedad de antes donde los artistas
fuimos bestias de trabajo para la industria
Ese sueño se ha acabado
Y ahora nos encontramos despiertos en la hora de revolución
porque no podemos llamar esto un 'movimiento' si toda la propiedad
intelectual pertenece a los que nos oprimen

Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Motherfucker!
Ya te dije
Que se ha acabado la mierda

[Immortal Technique]
Nos compraron el alma barata
Hasta la sangre nos sacan, atacan
Y con un contrato te atrapan
Pero primero me matan hermano
Porque prefiero morir
Peleando que ser esclavo
Industria sucia
Toma lluvia de acido
Aprende la historia del hip hop clasico

Cuando controlan el negocio y la cultura
La musica se vuelve en comercial basura
Y la reina latina, pintada como gallina
Es mas que bailarina o puta en la esquina
Es abogada, profesora, madre, soldada
Y carga nuestro futuro cuando está embarazada
Mira nuestra gente crucificada
Y la manera desgraciada
Que estos perros no hablan de nada
Más que fiestas y riqueza
Que la gente no tiene
Asi que ahora vas a ver
La violencia que viene

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado
Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente
Es hora de revolución nuevamente

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado

Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente
Es hora de revolucion nuevamente

[Temperamento]
Golpe de estado el mercado me tiene bravo
Hermano yo pinto el cuadro
Y el barrio ya esta cansado cabron
Yo te lo juro que lo que yo sudo es puro
Ustedes son burros
Que venden el culo por el reggaeton
Abre los ojos, cojo el presidente del sello
Bobo le rompo el cuello al pendejo
Solo con mi cañón

No tengo miedo guerrero por eso muero
Y me quedo con tiraera
Porque ella llama la atencion

Levanta publico mano te tienen imnotisado
Entrenado inyectandote mierda con la estacion

Temperamento rey del movimiento
Este es mi tiempo
Con mi cancion
Hasta Tempo sale de la prision
Por mis palabras tengo seguidores
Rapeadores en todas las naciones
Comisiones de aplicar presion
Yo soy la epidemia, la saga, las nueve plagas
La misma palabra en la biblia
Que habla de Armagedon
La competencia es riqueza
Que tristeza
Que tengo que romperle la cabeza
Pa que me pidan perdon
Perriando quiere decirte que tu eres de la brutas
No te gusta que te llamen puta escucha la cancion
El sandunguero es tan feo
Que es con doble sentido
Le dicen a tu hijo que lo haga sin condon
El estremera y el capital inmortal
Vamos a gritas pa que viva la revolucion

[Translation]
Pitifully (deplorably/sadly), the conditions that we're living in
have become an insupportable misery for the people
But there are some twenty conceited countries that still believe
in an archaic (old/outdated/outmoded/antiquated/anachronistic) society
where the artists were beasts of burden for industry
That dream is over with
And now we find ourselves awakened at the time of revolution
because we cannot call this 'change' if all intellectual property

belongs to those who aren't {?}

Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Mother fucker!
I already told you
That the shit is finished!

[Immortal Technique]
They bought our souls cheap
Even blood they take from us, they attack us
And with a contract they trap you
But first they'll kill me, bro
Because I prefer to die
Fighting than to be a slave
Dirty industry, drink acid rain
Learn the history of classic hip hop

When they control business and culture
Music becomes commercial garbage
And the Latina queen painted like a chicken
She's more than a dancer or a whore in the corner
She is a lawyer, teacher, mother, soldier
And bears our future when she is pregnant
Look at our crucified people
And the disgraceful way
That these dogs do not talk about anything
Other than parties and riches/wealth
That the people don't have
Therefore/Thus now you're going to see
The violence that comes

A movement of truth has begun
We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces
Coup d'etat shooting the president
It is time for revolution again

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"Harlem Renaissance"

"Let me welcome both of you
uh, to the show this morning to talk about what I consider
to be a very very important topic, uh, the Harlem Renaissance
But before we get into that..."

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan
Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan {WAKE UP!}

Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan
Until after the invasion of, gentrification
Eminent domain intimidation, that's not negotiation
And it's frustratin to look at, every day
Like watchin a porno, on 56-K
Biohazard labs instead of store rooms
What's next motherfucker, projects as dorm rooms?
You ain't fool nobody in this community duke
With your little fake Manhattanville community group
Ivy league, real estate firms are corrupt
I lay siege to your castle like the Moors in Europe
They treat street vendors like criminal riff-raff
While politicians get the corporate kickbacks (snakes)

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Harlem Renaissance, a revolution betrayed
Modern day slaves thinkin that the ghetto is saved
'Til they start deportin people off the property
Ethnically cleansin the hood, economically
They wanna kill the real Harlem Renaissance
Tryin to put the Virgin Mary through a early menopause
The savior is a metaphor for how we set it off
Guerrilla war against the re-zoning predators

[Immortal Technique]
When I speak about Harlem, I speak to the world
The little Afghan boy, and the Bosnian girl
The African in Sudan, the people of Kurdistan
The third world American, indigenous man
Palestinians, Washington Heights, Dominicans
Displaced New Orleans citizens

Beachfront Brazilian favelas that you livin in
The hood is prime real estate, they want back in again (fuck outta here)
I didn't write this to talk shit, I say it because
some of y'all forgot what the Harlem Renaissance was
We had revolution, music and artisans
But the movement was still fucked up like Parkinson's
Cause while we were givin birth to the culture we love
Prejudice, kept our own people out of the club
Only colored celebrities in the party (fake nigga!)
And left us a legacy of false superiority
W.E.B. Du Bois versus Marcus Garvey
And we ended up, sellin out to everybody
The Dutch {?} and the John Gotti's
Banksters, modern day gangsters, immobile army
They wanna move us all out the N.Y.C.
Like they did to the Jews with the Alhambra decree
So support your own businesses and do the knowledge
Cause the real Harlem Renaissance is economic (yeah)

[Chorus]

{"Green Lantern... The Evil Genius!"}

"When they were saying it is the renaissance, of Harlem
they didn't mean, that we had stake in that
They meant to say that they could make money out of us"

"They are coming in with all kind of prejudices
In Brooklyn they're doing the same thing
In, um, Queens they're doing the same thing; the Bronx
There's hardly any place which is affordable
I mean these people are putting up condominiums
which start from a million dollars
How many people in this community make that kind of money?
How many people have that kind of money?"

"People of Harlem, they are the natural allies of the oppressed people
of the world, whether the struggle is in Panama, in Africa, Cuba"

"We spend money with the wrong people
We are looking for love, with people who don't love us
What's wrong with us loving each other
and making sure that we are protected?"

"Lick Shots"

(feat. Chino XL, Crooked.I)

[Intro]
This is the Invasion!
The Evil Genius Green Lantern!
Immortal Technique, "The 3rd World"
(It's on now motherfucker - ha ha, drop)
You ain't got the right to bear arms, huh?
Sometimes you might have to brandish a motherfuckin firearm
(Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots)

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots
Lick shots for the revolution
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots
But watch, where the fuck you shootin
Yo where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?
Where the fuck you niggaz aimin at?
Where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?
This is only for the hardcore wherever you at, yeah

[Immortal Technique]
Random one cop killa, hip-hop has never been realer
Volume 2 shot up the president like a gorilla
New York police state capital tried to swallow me
Locked me longer than Puerto Rico been a colony
Thirteenth Amendment slavery property
And now they signin rappers that promote their philosophy?
Fuck that, nigga hip-hop is not Republican
That's just the white motherfuckers that own the publishin
And get the fuck out, if you want the foreigners gone
I paint the White House black and park my car on the lawn
Marry a Muslum girl and fuck her five times a day (WHAT?)
Every time right before we shower and pray (HA!)
You damn right the AK, symbolizes Jihad
But a holy war, is a conversation with God
You bitch niggaz misinterpret what you don't understand
Stackin the wrong sign can end up, shootin your man
Shootin each other, shootin your brother
Aim the gun at the right motherfucker
and leave him colder than the prison in Russia
or America's white power structure
Niggaz love to say "Fuck revolution!"
Until the jury comin and move for the prosecution
And them brothers act like a born-again Huey Newton
Forgot about the bullshit music they was producin
But my niggaz aim precisely, through the confusion - AND

[Chorus]

[Crooked.I]
I got a hundred shooters with me, Rugers shoot you through the kidney
Stand in front of the judge and lie quicker than Scooter Libby
I'm runnin through the city - dear God
If I murk the racist Rush Limbaugh I wonder would you forgive me? (Huh?)
Somebody told me glim back as the plan's over
See ya, time to let him see a damn soldier
Flip your Landrover, I told ya I blam toasters
Gun pop off like the mouth of Ann Coulter
This is my gangsta religion
See I aim with precision, point blank the position
I'm black as them ancient Egyptians
Before European historians went and changed the description
I'm blamed for the 'caine in the kitchen
The C.I.A. playin with the pigeons, same pain that I'm pitchin (yea)
Listen, you dudes better watch the hook
I'm a boxer, coppers'll come up, Hoffa look
They wanna get rid of this conscious crook
Like I'm a Gnostic, apocryphal, non-canonical Gospel book
But I ain't goin nowhere, that's the motherfuckin truth
America don't care for its inner city youth - so I

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]
Puerto Rican superhero!
Yo, XL eternal my journal, Sojourner, Nat Turner
Cop murdered by the certain burner turned in the back of his sternum
He flirted with pullin me over for bein brown, I bust
Now he in the back of the truck with Don Imus
I must, take aim when I lick shots
Throw stray bullets like when Nas got off of Pharoahe Monch
These pigs wanna see us dead inside a jail cell
Turn us from Shawn Carter to Shawn Combs to Sean Bell
My temper 'bout to break like levees in New Orleans
Catch Jimmy Iovine when he refinance his mortgages
Kid illusion is dead, we movin with the blue and the red
Latin Kings, Giuliani with a gat to his head
Y'all don't lick shots like killers aimin at the Feds
Y'all lick shots like Jenna Jameson and Superhead
Pigs slice to Venice and beef at the benefits meet
Buried him on Venice Beach with the flies and the bees
Bzzzt - Chino, and Immortal Tech'
Kill shit like the Chinito at Virginia Tech (what's fuckin with that?)
And Jacob ain't your friend, he's a fuckin jeweler
BLAP, BLAP! I shoot the cats off your fuckin Pumas!

[Chorus]

"The 3rd World"

Immortal Technique and DJ Green Lantern
Third World mother fuckers!

[Immortal Technique]
I'm from where the gold and diamonds are ripped from the earth
right next to the slave castles where the water is cursed
from where police brutality's not half as nice
It makes the hood in America look like paradise
compared to the AIDS-infested Caribbean slum
African streets where the passport's an a American gun
from where they massacre people and try to keep it quiet
and spend the next 25 years tryin' to deny it
I'm from where they cut your hands off if you make a fist
and niggas grow coca cause the job market doesn't exist
except slave labor modern day company store
and peace keeper's don't ever ever ever come here no more
from where the bombs that they used to drop on Vietnam
Kill us children born deformed eight months before they born
I'm from where they lost the true meaning of the Qur'an
'cause heroin is not compatible with Islam
And niggas know that, but grow that poppy seed anyway
'cause that food drop parachute does not come everyday
I'm from where people pray to the gods of their conquerors
and practically every president's a money launderer
From the only place democracy is acceptable
Is if America candidate is electable
And they might even have a black president, but he's useless
'Cause he does not control the economy stupid!

[Chorus]
Lock and load your gun, where I'm from: the Third World son
Been to many places but I'm Third World-born
Guerrillas hit and run where I'm from: the Third World son
You polluted everything, and now the Third World's gone
The waters poisoned where I'm from son: the Third World son
Seven hundred children die by the end 'this song
Revolution'll come, where I'm from: the Third World son
Constant occupation, leaves the Third World torn

[Immortal Technique]
I'm from where the catholic church is some racist shit
They helped Europe and America rape this bitch
They pray to white Spaniard Jesus, who's face is this
But never talk about the black Pope Gelasius
I'm from where soviet weapons still decide elections
Military is like the mafia: you pay for protection
kinda like sex toys, is what the country sells
And rich white businessmen make the best clientele
I'm from where they too pussy to come film Survivor

And they murder Coca-Cola union organizers
I'm from where the justice system esta podrido
Fuck government niggaz politic over perico
Rebelde conocido, enterado vivo, como otro argentino desparecido
cause Rico laws don't apply to the CIA
and mother fuckers make sneakers for a quarter a day
I'm from where they overthrow democratic leaders
not for the people but for the Wall Street Journal readers
from where blacks, indigenous peoples and Asians were once
slaves of the Caucasians and it's amazing how they trained them
to be racist against themselves in a place they were raised in
and you kept us caged in
destroyed our culture and said that you civilized us
raped our woman and when we were born you despised us
gentrified us, agent provocateurs divide us
and crucified every revolutionary messiah
so I'ma start a global riot
that not even your fake
anti-communist dictators can keep quiet
fuck your charity medicine, try to murder me
the immunizations you gave us were full of mercury
so now I see the Third World like the rap game soldier
nationalize the industry and take it over!

[Chorus]

"Hollywood Driveby"

(feat. PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies)

[Immortal Technique]
Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey
I fire rockets at generic topics
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison
You live inside the image of an era that's gone
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide
And I don't market revolution, I live it
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence
Revolucion, motherfucker you heard of it
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca
Yeah, revolucion, motherfucker you scared of it?
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it

[PsychoRealm]
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full *[scratches]*
You're on some bull {*scratches*} you're on some bull *[scratches]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats
The real G's stay strapped in full combat
What you see in the videos is full-on acts
The streets don't believe you homie
Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the army

Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds
Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?
I keep that metro shit out of my whip
Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's about to extinct
You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit
The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit
We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's
I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards
This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz
And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

[Chorus]

[Sick Symphonies]
Yeah, uhh
I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em out their fucking cars
Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake informants
Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them
They say hip-hop doesn't exist
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead corpses are voiceless
No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over
We'll send little homies foreclosure
like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage
For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused
What we're building got 'em all afraid
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin

[Chorus]

"Watchout Remix"

[Immortal Technique]
You know back in the day, some of y'all
Would shout out Allah's name like he was hostin yo' mixtape
Then after 9/11 you got scared and shut the fuck up
Didn't talk about the demonization of a culture, immigrants, nothin
Now you show up, talk about we takin it too far
Die slow! MOTHERFUCKER!

Yeah, 100 percent independent, I'm the fuckin boss
I sold 80,000 off a quotable in The Source
The hood is not stupid, we know the mathematics
I made double what I would going gold on Atlantic
Cause EMI, Sony BMG, Interscope
would never sign a rapper with the White House in his scope
They push pop music like a religion
Anorexic celebrity driven financial fantasy fiction
Contradiction cause the life we was given resembles life in prison
Fed time with Manuel Noriega
The real Noriega, who did America 100 favors
with Contras, the Shah and the CIA
Movin Escobar's coke through the M-I-A
This is +The 3rd World+ speakin, through a dead man walkin
And everybody talkin 'bout the South takin over
It's true motherfucker, but it's comin over the border
Fuck your chain, my people'll kill you for water
Fuck fans nigga, I got soldier supporters
that'll cut your throat if you strapped with a tape recorder
That's right motherfucker, welcome to the New World Order
Where the truth is always censored by corporate reporters
The government, runs the drug politics on the corner
That's why I never stress rappers and their employers
I put a bag over his fuckin head and torture your lawyer
Cause it's too simple to shoot ya - I'll taser the roof of
your mouth and electrocute ya, I'll root you out with the Ruger
The German Luger, U-boat, and the troops in the scuba
Nigga you can't overthrow me like the island of Cuba!
Niggaz'll never find your body, like the bitch in Aruba
And I maneuver through the state department and their friends
With secret deals like the Nazis and IBM
And now you know this ain't a trend or a fashion
This is my life and my passion, FUCK tryin to cash in nigga!
I need more than advancements and a rented mansion
So while you little house niggaz is singin and dancin
I'll kill you and take your land like an Israeli expansion
{"Invasion"}

"Reverse Pimpology"

(feat. Mojo)

[Immortal Technique]
Hypocrites, hookers, sex offenders
Y'all niggaz wanna be pimps and players?
This ain't 1997 nigga

I'd rather be rich and unhappy than broke and miserable
Cause the game don't give a FUCK if you lyrical
And that's pitiful, so my position is pivotal
You can hate me all you like but you worship the principle
I inspire revolution, the government's not invincible
Vietnam to Venezuela, trick knowledge, they pimpin you
All up in the hood like McDonald's and liquor
Selling AIDS medicine, when we know you got the cure nigga (woo!)
You leery of conspiracy theory but hear me
Throw a business perspective, it makes more sense clearly
Cause moreover, that's what we go to war over
And numbers don't lie unless we do Bush and Gore over
Free markets make money disingenuously
But I invest in agriculture, biochemistry
Smart nigga from the hood, pussy, what type of crime is that?
But exec's are like, "You from Harlem? Where your diamonds at?"
Stupid

[Mojo]
Can't dodge the game
If you lookin for the money or the fame (oh-ohh)
The players and the rules ain't changed (oh no)
But see we tryin to leave a name
So we're turnin out

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, this is how pimps get pimped and players get played
Rich people get robbed and, broke niggaz paid
New York, London, Chicago, Philly and L.A.
Miami, D.C., B-more and out in the Bay

[Mojo]
We're tearin it out of the frame
See we deserve to stake that claim
If we didn't it's a cryin shame
What we're concerned about is how to turn it out

[Immortal Technique]
Show me a pretty girl, with the world stuck to her
And I bet you there's a brother that's tired of fuckin her
Lots of niggaz girls is someone else's one night stand
I probably made some bitches nervous listenin with they man (ha ha)
And if that offends somebody, I'm sorry, fuck you!

What you think, revolutionaries don't like to fuck too?
You just gotta beware of dangerous coochie
Cover ya head like a kufi, some rappers think that they live in a movie
Until they get herpes or clap from a groupie
And I don't need to shout you out, nigga you know who you be
Look, most people are only players cause they got played
And have not, let go of that, shit since the 7th grade
Yeah you got your heart broke, life sucks, doesn't it?
But you shouldn't fuck up someone else's life because of it
Someone did your mother like that, that's why you fatherless
Before jail or racist cops, that's what the problem is

[Mojo]
Recognize the game
See who's the one to place that blame
We gettin trapped in a cycle of pain
With a generation headed down the drain
Time we turn it out

[Immortal Technique]
This is how pimps get pimped and players get played
Beautiful women get, cheated on and gangstas sprayed
Jersey, Detroit, Denver, Phoenix, Atlanta
Texas, Vegas, Seattle and fuckin Louisiana

[Mojo]
Regardless of money you payin
Just spendin, hold a watch and a chain
But can't offer your children a thang
What the hell is goin on in your brain?
We gon' turn it out

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, I'm not a crack rapper, I'm not a backpacker (ha ha ha)
I'm not a wack rapper, moonlighting as a bad actor
I treat labels like the projects, cause I'm a hater (what!)
Go to the Sony building and piss in the elevator
Cater to hustlers, crooks and cheap smugglers
Bootleg my own album, to reach customers (yeah)
Every city, state and country, the hood love me
Even Aborigines, in Australia bump me
They say underground fans are all the color of talcum
But who the fuck you think buy 50 and Jay albums?
Who the fuck you think made Snoop and Dre platinum?
Call up any major record label and ask 'em
But there's some, devils in disguise in hip-hop
that belong at Republican fundraisers with Kid Rock (bitch!)
I hope one of my fans has one of your kids shot
And blames it on Acid, Prozac and Slipknot
You a pussy actin hard like a bitch cop
I'll drop you to the floor like a reverse wristlock
Eat your food and shit on you, like a highway pit stop
And make, revolutionaries out of kids that used to flip rocks

The government, pimped 9/11 to go to Iraq
And history, repeats itself right on track (how?)
First as a tragedy, and then the comedy begins (why?)
Cause it's funny, motherfuckers don't see it come around again

[Mojo (I.T.)]
Where, can we be free? (FUCK we gon' be free man?)
We only wanna live our lives
Live our lives, with our eyes open
Open your eyes – open your eyes
You stupid motherfuckers - you stupid motherfuckers
Open your eyes, before you die

"Payback"

(feat. Diabolic, Ras Kass)

[Diabolic]
These fuckin snakes man
Fuckin up our lives
I'll take a piss in your oil fields
I want some motherfuckin payback so, yo

I wanna run for president, and the focal point when I'm campaigning
Is to put FEMA to work on a plantation at Camp David
Demand payment for New Orleans with the best of swordsmen
Launching missiles at the White House while Tech's performing
On the lawn and I just let 'em burn till death's confirmed
Laid to rest with worms cause otherwise they'll never learn
I'll form a cruel intent, put anthrax through the vents
From out a package I got in the mail that you just sent
But I got a better punishment for these Republicans
I'd let 'em live so they can see us overthrow the government
Let's fuck with them, have the first lady beat me off
Till my semen's launched, then I skeet across her face like Peter North
And I won't leave a doubt what we about when I cream her mouth
Or leave her trout bleeding out on Condoleezza's couch
I'll seek this route without regrets, and drink a brew then think of you
Cause if it's the last fuckin thing I do I'll...

[Ras Kass]
Yeah, Immortal Technique, Rassy
Nigga, I never forget nothing nigga

Fifty-one percent of the World Bank is owned by the US treasury
Robbing third world countries out all they resources and equity
When Afghanistan was fighting the Russians
Reagan and Bush gave Bin Laden weapons and told him get to bussin
We even called 'em freedom fighters
Financed the cost with CIA imported cocaine
That whole Iran Contra Scandal, niggas took the blame
Started a war on drugs
Meanwhile Russia's defeated, America thinks more oil for us
Take over, set up a public government, Arabs ain't bearing it
So the same freedom fighters, George W. call 'em terrorists
Poetic justice, payback's a bitch, these fuckin hypocrites
Like Bill O'Reilly, right-wingers deserve what they get
Rush Limbaugh, drug addict, Giuliani, sex scandal
I wanna thank white supremacists then show you how my tech's handled
My neck's nano-technologically designed
It spits SARS to all you stupid ass execs that capital resigned

I am vindictive, faggots!

[Immortal Technique]

Huh, hahaha
Yeah I got something for you motherfuckers haha
You want it? HERE YOU GO!

The first payback that I would accomplish
I'd draft children from the senate and congress
Pompous religious right made suicidal
When I exposed Joe Cephas for ghost writing the Bible
Making nuclear silos, bomb the world with hydro
Chinese dragon sized blunts in Maracaibo
Huh, and everyone flashing a gun on a DVD
I'd make them niggas shoot it out with NYPD
And every fucker that didn't buy my CD
I'd stab the revolution in their neck with an IV
See me, own the world, I'd give it back to the poor
I'd give a last name to every single son of a whore
Hard to the core, fuck with the gay list
Niggas pop on they block but they globally nameless
I'd show the hood real gangsters and make 'em famous
Langley Virginia, where my connect for cocaine is
I'd make everybody fuckin have the world darkening
I make rap-about lyrics, not beats and marketing
Replace every raped virgin's broken hymen
Holding De Beers reclining, while they choke on they diamonds
My designing's like Francis Ford Coppola rhyming
Building a universe inside solitary confinement
I'd reverse Rockefeller laws and bring Mumia home
And serve the President freestyling offa the dome

A message to the outgoing president
Hey I got a great idea nigga... Kill yourself
Hahaha, you know it's so funny, I thought about it the other day
You should probably kill yourself
Ah why don't you kill yourself?
Hahahahahah, kill yourself

"Stronghold Grip"

(feat. Poison Pen, Swave Sevah)

[ad libs for first 22 seconds]

[Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

[Poison Pen]
Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)
Get a ducat and lost and recovered and break neck
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you
Pop up, you gotta get it
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

[Swave Sevah]
Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened
I raise hell on this earth
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

[Chorus: Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave Sevah]
[I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground
[P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down
[S.S.] You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now
[I.T.] Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around
[P.P.] Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground
[I.T.] Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now
[S.S.] So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around
[all] Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

[Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's

And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wiz
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

[Poison Pen]
Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

[Swave Sevah]
Yo, aiyyo I'm hard-bodied with it
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

[Immortal Technique]
You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

[Poison Pen]
ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

[Swave Sevah]
Yo, this dude is truly a joke
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

[I.T.] We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones
[P.P.] Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on
[S.S.] Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out
[I.T.] And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse
[P.P.] Stronghold, live and direct up in your set
[S.S.] The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech

[Chorus]

[ad libs to the end]

"Mistakes"

(Yes I did... I made a mistake... yes I did)

Huh..ya know living this type a life
makes you grow up faster than you'd expect to sometimes...
fuck around and be in your late twenties...
feelin like a old man and shit...
yeah for real son... let em know

It's hard to breath and hard to run when your lung's blackened
Coughing up blood like what the fuck happened
Raising my risk of cancer's the answer homie
But after drinking something there's nothing like puffing a bogie
Now I can blame the same product placement in movies,
Or the commercials, or Scarface in a jacuzzi
But now I'm living it
Damn I should a never took that first cigarette

(I made a mistake)

I fucked up, like your girl was riding on top of me
I should of took her to trial and never copped a plea
But this ain't a Christian nation motherfucka please
America never taught me to turn the other cheek
Cause I'm from Harlem, the north of Manhattan
We knock niggas out and make em bounce like Ricky Hatton
But wildin on the corner got me turned back from the Canadian border

(I made a mistake)

I knew she was a virgin, when I first met her
Rockin stockings and poppin out of the catholic school sweater
Mom told her she could do better than a criminal
Seventeen year-old psychotic, trying to be lyrical
I never meant to break her heart or fuck up her life
But I was careless, instead of treating her right
I seen her again at some club strippin and wondered
If I could have made her life different

(I made a mistake... yes I did...)

[Tech talking over the beat:]
Damn shortie, you got me on some singin the blues shit...
but you gotta stop looking backwards and remember to look ahead...
this is for all my dudes on patrol in the desert right now... for real

(I made a mistake)

Yeah..yeah... I joined the army looking for money to go to college
But they ain't pay me a quarter of what they fucking promised

Extended my tour, treating me like a sucker
That's the reason officers get fragged motherfucker
Don't give me speeches on how you respect and you love me
But no body armor in a lightly armored humvee?!
My family's lonely and you want me to reenlist for 30 grand homie?

(I made a mistake)

When I was young I got signed to a record label
The deal looked so good when it was on the table
It paid for my cable, cribs, cars and jewelry
The studios, the women there's nothing they wouldn't do for me
Except stop screwing me for publishing and royalties
How the fuck are you my dawg, when there's no loyalty?
Word to the street
I should've gone independent like Immortal Technique

(I made a mistake)

Some people learn from mistakes and don't repeat them
Others try to block the memories and just delete them
But I keep em as a reminder they not killing me
And I thank God for teaching me humility
Son, remember when you fight to be free
To see things how they are and not how you like em to be
Cause even when the world is falling on top of me
Pessimism is an emotion, not a philosophy
Knowing what's wrong doesn't imply that you right
And its another, when you suffer to apply it in life
But I'm no rookie
And I'm never gonna make the same mistake twice pussy

"Parole (Evil Genius Mix)"

[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]
(980505A) Yeah nigga what
(You made parole) What?
(Pack your stuff) The fuck?
(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha
Aiyyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man
Aiyyo G, aiyyo G son, I got my papers man
I'm out this motherfucker!

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
Don't work for the government coke packagin
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans
Every time we come back, they... *[record rewinds]*
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
Don't work for the government coke packagin
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans
Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in
Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons
'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison
Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things
But corporations do worse to protect they bling
Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game
They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name
Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics
and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic
But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man
Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man
We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises
Usin O.G.'s as advisors
Before they, send us to war, after they divide us
But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders
My movement's like a jujitsu kata
I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater nigga

[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]

(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and a half
(*[screams]* Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)
(*[screams]* I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my God!)
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?
(You got that baby, yeah!)

[Immortal Technique]
I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent went?"
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your swaggerin?
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack again
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back again

[scratches]
I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
I'm on parole

"Crimes Of The Heart"

Yea I turned 21 in prison locked up at night
Now I walk around free seems like another life
Another roll with some other dice
Another ho or a loving wife
People come and go some really you never know
Intellectual midgets that really never grow
Fake love that holds on like "can I hold you though?"
And old friends will look at you like "yo, yea I told you so"
A toast to the broken hearted
Who never finished what they fucking started
People who go out and try to be a rebel at night
Try to make up for the fact that they settled in life
It's like a fight between the devil and Christ over the limelight
Spiritual celebrity poker
But the whole deck is full of jokers
And every year that you get older
The stakes get higher
Gambling with a bunch of fakes and liars
Real talk 'cause the real New York
Is the pain and the suffering of lost love
Staring off into the distance in the midst of the club
Depression and emptiness that lead to suicide
And the struggle inside of yourself that keeps you alive
Survived and medicated stalked by sobriety
The life that you live now tortured by memories violently
I pray inside of me that one day you could be forgiven
For murdering the beautiful world we used to live in

Crimes of the heart
Crimes of the heart

Love... doesn't need a complicated metaphor
And sometimes nothing needs to be said at all
Sometimes a person you're with is not your one and only
And you just fuck with them because you afraid to be lonely
And when you come back its too late
So you overcompensate
Like victims of rape
Full of self hate
Lost in the affection to strangers around you
Instead of the only person that ever gave a fuck about you
Thought you were happy so you didn't come check me
But then when he cheated or treated you incorrectly
You conveniently realized you could never forget me
And tried to crawl back in my life unexpectedly
These are my indictments
Of those who claim to be righteous
And leave a trail of broken hearts on their way to enlightenment
But I cant give into hatred or pass judgment

Even towards every illusion I've been in love with
'cause the heart that betrays itself willingly
Is like a nation that trades freedom for stability
Its so seductive to be cold and corrupted
And isolated and try to be an independent republic
But liberty to be loved on the surface is worthless
The sacrifice of revolution with no purpose
Take it from a criminal searching for his redemption
Cursing at God desperately trying to get his attention

Crimes of the heart
Crimes of the heart
Looking for the shining light
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me tonight?
Round we go (won't cross?) climbing through the endless night
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me this time?
(me this time oooh oooh oooh)
Climbing through the endless night (endless night, endless night)

"Rebel Arms"

(feat. Da Circle, J. Arch)

[Intro: DJ Green Lantern]
What you thought it was over?!
Shit ain't over 'til we say it's over motherfucker
Aiyyo Tech, what you think about the rap game right about now?

"It's all bullshit, you know that, I know that!
Hey, come along with me man, we'll have a budget, huh?
We'll have some clout.."
"I didn't get into this for that!"
"Well that's all there is!"
"Well if that's all there is I've been wastin my motherfuckin time wit'chu
I can get more clout and more money on the STREET
than I can get followin your ass..."

[Immortal Technique]
(Rebel arms!) Yeah... yeah, uhh, yeah
The game is polluted with rappers that are really snitches
And most DJ's are nothin but, industry bitches
And we don't got, no mansion or riches
But we got guns and knives and your children's pictures
And everybody loses in war, but you lose more
What you think we brought back the Panthers, and the Zulu for?
Immortal witchdoctor made himself a voodoo doll
for every motherfucker that fronted that I can recall
Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me
I'll leave niggaz hangin like Mississippi
RBG to the last drop of blood in my body
Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami
But I'll be back, like a fresh bodybag from Iraq
Like a Baltimore slum, during the resurgence of crack
Brown and black, like the A.K. I keep in the strap
While we waitin on the next stock market collapse!

[Da Circle]
It's territorial, oratory editorial
Fuck around I'll be the cause of your life's memorial
I write rap's territorial, East Coast border zoo
Never crossin waters 'til I will coastally slaughter you
I'm better than all of you, vendetta's be mauling you
You're talkin cheddar, I'm a shreddar, I'll sever it off of you
I'll never remorse for you, no letters endorsin you
Pole position in the coffin is what it's, costin you
The cockiest bosses who control the fortunes too
The mortgage is of a cultural losses, through and through
(But it's the rebel arms!) Godspeed with devil's charms
The bitch-made gets switchblades in every arm
And this way we ix-nay on any harm
Cause next play and fakes lay like hidden bombs

We marching units in, the soul is true within
Eternal missions with church, a lifetime to do it in

Stronghold said it, whoop yo' bitch-ass with batons
The rebel arms swarm and form like Voltron
Slash your own beast, you heard (Mark of the East)
Runnin through cop lands screamin "Fuck the police!"
Hormones in the water (water) they actin out of order
Like a pack of rabid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter
Crush your man to bull, rip the drums like Animal
Eat 'em seeds, save my own kind, I'm a cannibal
My regimen salute me, haters wanna shoot me
Kool-Aid in their veins, they'll always try to sue me
You sell crack and rap, did a scared bid
Multiple baby mamas, take care of yo' kids

Guillotine rap, shackles on your neck
Chemical warfare where punchlines connect
Da Circle play the snipers, with Immortal Tech'
They called the block govenor to drag him of the set!

[J. Arch]
Rebel arms out for supremecy and move non-gimmicky
Related to royalty on each trip you mention me
Twist bars illest-ly, rebel against the infantry
Get more than yo' feet wet when I make you a memory
Cats not ready because they commercially industry
I make house calls to those afraid to visit me
Disrespect, I'll smash off the petty
from undisclosed locates, move fast for their cheddy
Arch don't breakdance, yet I (Rock Steady)
I jump on your scope to prove your aim not deadly
My shot to the top is like Mikki and Mal' smelly
Flow milky like the tits of a chick, that's top heavy
The (Technique's Immortal) so Rebel Arm's the regiment
Arch status nicer than, other rappers ever been
My cantine's full from when the doc don't got medicine
Five-star general, frontline veteran

[Outro: DJ Green Lantern]
Invasion baby!
Shit ain't a fuckin game that we playin
Immortal Technique...
Oh yeah, don't forget
"Revolutionary Vol. 3" comin soon
You're not worthy, you sons-of-bitches!

IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
THE MARTYR

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Burn This"

This is Immortal Technique
Harlem, New York
All over the world
And this is The Martyr
If you are listening to this
It is your responsibility
To burn this for every single motherfucker you know

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Martyr"

['Elizabeth' Movie intro]
I'm content to die for my beliefs
So cut off my head and make me a Martyr
The people will always remember it
"No. They will forget"

A man who walks with God, can walk anywhere
Hence.. I fear nothing

[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]
The point of guerilla war, is not to succeed
It's always been just to make the enemy bleed
Deprivin' the soldiers of the peace of mind that they need
Bullets are hard to telegraph when they bob and they weave
The only way a Guerilla War can ever be over
Is when the occupation, can't afford more soldiers
Until they have to draft the last of you into the service
And you refuse cause you don't see the purpose
The only way to counter the insurgents that are well-equipped
Is to paint the people fighting for freedom as terrorists
Then find a faction lookin' for foreign investments
You stall them with power and murder any objections
You can't stop a revolution from breathin'
So to beat 'em they offer people the illusion of freedom
But when you're done dreamin' and wake up, tortured for treason
Then you can see them, hidin' behind the God they believe in

[Chorus]
Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
During the night before the start of the dawn
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
Guerilla war when the army is gone
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

[Verse 2]
The purpose of life is a life with a purpose
So I'd rather die for a cause than live a life that is worthless
I don't need the circus or the day of national observance
I need you to think for you and stop being a servant
Pawns only move a square in the game that they're used in
And realise it too late, like the shootin' of Huey Newton
Or Patrice Lumumba and Salvador Allende
Slaughter by the power hungry branches of their own gente
Ghandi wasn't killed by Pakistani nationals
He was assassinated by a Hindu radical

And Che Guevara, rebel to a U.S. continent
Was sold to the C.I.A. by Bolivian communists
Wasn't Yitzhak Rabin murdered by a Zionist
And Anwar Sadat a victim of the same violence?
Malcolm X was seen as a threat to the F.B.I.
But to blast 'em they used Muslims from the N.O.I.
Even the 35th President of the Republic
Was murdered by factions of his own government
So now that it's proven, that a soldier of Revolution
Or head of an empire, disguised in a Constitution
Can not escape the retribution or manipulation
Of the self-appointed rulers of the planets corporations
So Imma need every generation to put your hands up
Cause you can only get 'em off your back when you stand up!

[Chorus]
Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
During the night before the start of the dawn
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
Guerilla war when the army is gone
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Angels & Demons"

(feat. Dead Prez, Bazaar Royale)

[Intro:]
"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?"
"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"

[Hook: Bazaar Royale]
I see angels above me
Demons below me
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven
It's real

[Verse 1: stic.man]
America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it
We rootin' for the villain in black
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back
In self defense we bang the pistol like
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow
The system you created created a monster
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: M-1]
Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain
Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]
I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted
It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in
The military ain't there for the people's protection
They're just there to protect an investment
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons
9/11 generations pale in comparison
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory

[Outro: Immortal Technique]
Somalia, Kashmir
Nigeria, Palestine
Iraq, bring it back

[Hook x2]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Rich Man's World (1%)"

[Arthur Jensen:]
"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies
The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business
The world is a business
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

[Immortal Technique:]
For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolf Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main bitch Leona
Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement
I twist words like a speech impediment
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with
New money buys brand new karats
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya
I own every gold mine in South Africa
Thanks baby you made me a billion
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick
Yea what
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say
And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay
Make money every day the world burns on its axis
While y'all struggling to pay taxes
I'm getting my money the fastest
Memos and faxes shredded-up documents
Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted
'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it
Don't get my lawyers excited
'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators
So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters
(It's a rich man's world)
Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda
In the bank 911 widows go to later
Capitalism's who I pray to
Fuck the state of the world
Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl
(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed
I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees
Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe
I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs
'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me
You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?
My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out
Hey America thanks for the bailouts
I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano
Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me
'Cause I'm a tax free charity
80% to the staff and company
And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve
Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned
You protest cops who patrols on the street
But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet
Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking
My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection

No invention would benefit the world of man
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave
You think presidents are the face of a nation
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Toast To The Dead"

[Chorus]
Rest in Peace
Here’s another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Mothafucka, say yo’ prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain’t payin’ respect when you’ ‘spose to
Rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
This ain’t for y’all, this’ a toast to them
Rest in Peace

[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]
Here’s a toast to the dead
If you don’t drink, smoke to the head
For the freedom fighters killed by the feds
For those who died hard in the streets soaking in red
And died slow asleep in a dream choking in bed
Here’s a toast to the dead for my enemies that are gone
I’m not a coward so, celebrating that would be wrong
I pray to God that your soul will come back again
So I can see you in the next life and finish it then
A toast to the dead for criminals, burning in hell
I wonder how many presidents are burning as well
Emperors, Popes, Senators, Generals
Amputees feelin’ unlucky until they see the vegetables
A toast to the dead for those who I’ve forgotten
Written out of the history by the corrupted and rotten
Black saints whitewashed during La Reconquista
Thousands of Indios Spaniards used to conquer the Incas
F-ck a moment of silence! I need a moment of violence!
Like the nineteenth century Caribbean Islands
Long live those who came before, that paved the way for me
The warriors and scientists that came before slavery
And if that last lyric was predictable
Take your clairvoyance and apply it to your life in the physical
Presumptuous half-hearted homunculus
Self-destruction is the power without knowing what the function is

[Chorus]
Rest in Peace
Here’s another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
Mothafucka, say yo’ prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain’t payin’ respect when you’ ‘spose to
Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them
Rest in Peace

[Immortal Technique - Verse 2]
Here's a toast to the dead, for all of my fam
I will never let an idea die with a man
My rhymes are like Nazca lines designed to give a view-of-this
J.Dilla's still alive as long as his music is
A toast to the dead for rap legends and pioneers
Your legacy won't be forsaken as long as I am here
Knowledge of the past and, wisdom of the present
I'll teach and leave in the hands of a worthy lieutenant
A toast to the dead, for children with cancer and aids
A cure exists and you probably, could have been saved
Sad to see, medicine divorce morality
Corporate homewreckers, pimpin' up a salary
A toast to the dead, for those that've died today
The victims and those exonerated by DNA
The only thing worse than giving freedom to the guilty
Is killing the innocent, and leavin' your soul filthy
Immortal Technique, remember me when I'm gone
I encrypted my lyrics to stay alive in a song
So you'll always keep a piece, of my spirit inside
When you struggle to complete what I started before I died
But some of you, won't survive the changes the earth makes
Swallowed by tsunamis, hurricanes and earthquakes
And that's just the first stage of 'you-can-not-reverse-ways'
And realise that we are one, regardless of our birthplace

[Chorus]
Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to
Rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them
Rest in Peace

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Eyes In The Sky"

(feat. Mojo of Dujeous)

[Chorus:]
I am the eye in the sky looking at you I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]
Yeah, my truth is the Ark of the Covenant buried in Ethiopia
Watch when you fuckin' with a Minneapolis Somalian
When I go home the world I used to know is gone and I will live on my own
For what shall it profit a rapper with creative control to sign a deal with the devil and lose his soul?
My still born first expression is cold
Like the faces of slave masters on the paper I fold
Subliminal racial supremacy chokin' me quick like the bedtime stories of Joseph Smith
Lynch mob gunnin' for me trynna murder my seeds
Shorty put him in the Nile in a basket of reeds
And now I stare in to the future with a spiritual flashlight wondering who the fuck was me in a past-life
Bad diet, fuck raw, die young, fast life, same as a crash flight that took off when the music died on your last night
Tell em' the truth and they call you a traitor
Talk to em' honestly and they call you a hater
Losin' my composure cause the message is urgent
Talkin' reckless drunk on the mic like Larry Merchant
Cursin' at the serpents, Sumerian demons
Who brush their wings against the air that I'm breathing
A heathen with nothin' left to believe in even a reason from livin' that was forgiven by God and not religion
Envision Jesus risen from the dead like Horus in the Baptist church shakin' off the rigor mortis
The borders should be illegal instead of the people that were here before the bible and all of its sequels
I speak to the detached and unrealistic that were born normal but turned socially autistic
We resisted Homeland Security's mission because I know what they really envision...

[Chorus x2]
I am the eye in the sky looking at you, I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

Thanks to Don, Will S, Chris for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Goonies Never Die"

(feat. Diabolic, Swave Sevah, Gomez)

[Intro 1]
And it's not smart to be dumb
It's not smart to be dumb
bumb de dumb dumb dumb
Back where I come from
it's not considered smart to be dumb

[Intro 2]
Immortal Technique -
Okay little empanada, time for bed
"Empanada" - Uncle Felipe
Immortal Technique -
What, what is it now?
"Empanada" - I heard that
you and my dad used to
be in a gang. Is that true?
IT - Who told you that
man, your mother. It
wasn't a gang we were
just a group of friends
Em - Did you do bad things?
IT - No no no look we just
used to draw and stuff
and play karate, borrow
things, throw stuff, y'know
run around at night. Like Goonies
Em - Whats a Goonie?
IT - You never heard of
Goonies before?

[Verse 1 - Immortal Technique]
I coulda chose another life
with the feds try'na get me
Little kids putting work in
like at Gap and Disney
In the whip high as shit
like Bobby and Whitney
Grab your hand and push
the mother fuckin' pedal to sixty
Harlem cops frisk me to
get me to make their quotas
But I told ya "Siempre hay
que separar las drogas"
Bar brawl in the club
popping and rocking georsh
Shot it out leaving bullet
holes the size of matzu balls

I love big chicks never
fucked with a slim broad
Played soccer and
hammered nails into their shin guards
Gambled at cee lo with
Dominicans locked in the tombs
We was there for robbing
niggas for them Spanish doubloons
Remember Goonie era
graffiti of all sorts
Now they wanna foreclose
on the hood to build a golf course
I'll put your hand in a
blender to make an entree
Then cut your dick and
glue it back on the wrong way

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Verse 2 - Swave Sevah]
I'm a certified goonie the
type a burgla rob ya crib
And leave it smellin like
sour and Afghan gooey
Life is a movie but yours
was filmed on a greener screen
I give you pure uncut raw
no deleted scenes
War with a broadsword
dumping a tech nine
Slit your throat give you a
Colombian neck tie
The best buy to get we let
die let fly the next guy to try some shit
Listen a few words just to
describe my clique
We like a gang of spartans

walking on the Gaza strip
Never say die its time to
fight and we never run
My Goonies rob niggas for
jewelery we call em treasure hunts
Let him front like he a
tough guy with wippe?
I'll hit em slug turn him to
one eye willy watery
grave hide ya chips
I'll hijack ya boat load and
cruise away on my pirate ship

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Verse 3 - Diabolic]
Before Duncan Penderhuse
was runnin' with dougie doug
My team got away with
murder we ain't fit the bloody glove
Those jungle breeze and
we come to feed our hungry cubs
With hoes pulling out our
pipes like Goonies under country clubs
Let these funny thugs
know whoever steps in 'Bolics spot
Is getting crushed with
solid rock the jester copper pot
I suggest the drama stops
I'll flood blocks with mustard gas
You're up shits creek in a
rubber raft cut in half
Cross my fucking path I'll
dare you I'll mangle who lit the fuse
Quick to lose my marbles
like Mikey replacing his with jewels
Watching y'all enslave the

game I'm forced to say the truth
Break the chains quick and
Sloth reaching for Baby Ruth
We got AD proof and
whores in daisy dukes extra low
While fat bitches do the
truffle shuffle just to get in shows
Fuck what your record
sold respect the code and recognize
The rebel tribe that my
people kept alive will never die

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma' revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Outro]

Thanks to Esteban for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to Kyle, Smoke2Much for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Natural Beauty"

(feat. Mela Machinko)

...natural beauty, so beautiful, yeah, natural love, yeah...

They corrupted the priceless African image of Isis
Replaced it with a lifeless anorexic white bitch
The fashion industry got 'em in a funny spot
Self-hatred leaking out they mouth like a money shot
Movie star, Hollywood Babylon fantasy
Buncha peacock bitches in a cocaine canopy
And if you healthy they make you think you're a manatee
Look how they invented this euro-centric insanity
Got you brain washed to the point you bleaching your skin
Blind to the truth, you can't see the beauty within
Cause ain't nothing wrong with exercise to tighten your thighs
But there's something wrong with contacts that lighten ya eyes
We're goin backwards, from hip hop in the park
To the experiments by Dr. Kenneth Clark
So after the cannabis I'ma have to handle this
Release the pressure on her and open her like an amythist

Their lies cant fade ya beauty
You gotta know who you are
Stay strong and always remember
The truth in your heart
Don't forget there are those who
Benefit from your scars
And who deny what's natural

Check it uh,
The business of beauty isn't a natural model
It's built to be the opposite of the cultures we topple
These magazines got you caught in a hustle
Cause when you starve yourself
Your body doesn't burn fat it burns muscle
And men don't even like women control the business
That's why the women look like men
And the men like bitches
I break it down as god is my witness
Remember Sambo charicature characteristics
Now who got the collagen under they lipstick
Implanted Arabic hips, surgical sickness
A bi-polar society that claims to be righteous
Spray paintin artificial melanin
Tryin to be like us
Livin in a pathetic epidemic of schizophrenic buying a
Synthetic body with credit
You mad that I said it
But you know that I'm right

Find a natural beauty and get you some natural lovin' tonight

Their lies cant fade your beauty
You gotta know who you are
Stay strong and always remember,
The truth in your heart
Don't forget there are those who
Benefit from your scars
And who deny what's natural

Their lies can't fade your beauty
You gotta know who you are
Always remember, truth lies in your heart

Thanks to munga, G.E., Kerry for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Running Nowhere (Interlude)"

People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
[fades out slowly]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Civil War"

(feat. Brother Ali, Chuck D & Killer Mike)

[Immortal Technique]
The ghetto is like a prison, with invisible bars
No matter where you ride, it always follows you where you are
And it's hard out there, for a pimp to get outta
But it's harder for the hooker that he beat the shit outta
I got niggas underground in the Confederate States
Ironically runnin' from slavery that prison creates
So I never hate on the south, I respect they vision
I just hate on niggas that promote Samboism
And white execs that love to see us in that position
They reflect the stereotypes of America's vision
They want us dancing, cooning and hollering
Only respect us for playing sports and modeling
More than racism, it's stay in your place-ism
More people are trapped in practical blackface-ism
So fuck a Civil War between the North and the South
It's between field niggas and slaves that are stuck in the house

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Civil war for the soul of a nation
This is a struggle to save civilization
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation
We fight for the future of our civilization
Destroy the corrupt government organizations
Trying to survive cultural assassination

[Killer Mike]
Crip niggas, Blood nigga, ese's, Asians
Why the fuck we warring with each other's population?
The devil wanna dead all our population
People in Folk nation, why the separation?
Why we got Jamaicans hatin' on Haitians
When the British and French raped both nations?
Mexicans and Blacks kill each other, straight hating
While the government profits from prison population
If you on the bottom, be you Anglo or Asian
You gotta recognize the realness of what I'm sayin'
You gotta recognize another G ain't the enemy
When the police ride to kill us frequently
We gotta make the youth see, where the truth be
If you a G, then grow and develop GD
50 years of gangs and our people still poor
If we really run the streets, we should really end war

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Civil war for the soul of a nation
This is a struggle to save civilization
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation
We fight for the future of our civilization
Destroy the corrupt government organizations
Trying to survive cultural assassination

[Brother Ali]
Listen, our hearts were torn apart just like y'all was
Watching towers full of souls fall to sawdust
Everytime we called your office you ignored us
Now you holding hearings on us all inside a Congress
Microscopes on us, ask if we're Jihadists
My answer was in line with all of the Founding Fathers
I think Patrick said it best; Give me liberty or death
I shall never accept anything less
You claim innocence, you play victimless
But you gave the kiss of death in the name of self defense
Slavery and theft have brought the nations to the end
Of pacifying your citizenry with excess
We believe in freedom, justice, security
But they're only pure when they're applied universally
So certainly if I rage against the machine
My aim was only to clean the germs out of the circuitry
Heard you need putting fear inside your heart
Make you burn Qu'rans and tell me not to build a mosque
Me, my wife and babies we ain't never made jihad
We just want to touch our heads to the floor and talk to God
Ask him to remove every blemish from my heart
The greatest threat of harm doesn't come from any bomb
The moment you refuse the human rights of just a few
What happens when that few includes you?
Civil war

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Mark Of The Beast"

(feat. Akir, Beast 1333)

[Verse 1: Akir]
Get ya dough watch it go, back to the peoples that holding some
Basic H's secret states keepin the stuffs the stole it from
Peter Jospeh told us so, only those that seem to know
Can counteract the satus quo balance back wich way to go
My rough ID CID used by the beast to track you yeah
Charge in the car can cause an alarm
That's part of the arm that traps you now
Back to check in, you go inside you prepared to fly
Watch for scalin you cannot hide
Comfortable you roll no matter what you done
What treats for sky? climbin a tree while I'm gettin high
That big brother eagle start to die
No matter what the reason we can devise
The plant in the sea saw the seeds that provide?
Away for us to breathe out the evilest side
No need to kiss the dream is alive
Free from the evils of the dreams inside

[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]

[Verse 2: Beast 1333]
Yo the World a Mess
we All Lust the Flesh
I won't Stop till the People
see Success
So Many beat to Death
so Many people Left
With the Mark of the Beast
can't cheat the Test
You bear the Mark
i Bear the Mark
With the blood in the Waters
there for Sharks
Now everybody want to Be Quoting Marx
with a Less of the Bite
And a More the Bark
in A World of Fakes
Here's what it Takes
gotta have Big Balls
Not Baby Grapes
at A Crazy Pace
Let's do it Face to Face
the Whole Race chase Waste
Space Age Sensash
with a Warm embrace
They go and Stab your Back

it's so Wack that the Hacks
Flapjack the Tracks
and When the Bombs attack
We Gon Bomb em Back
wit the Cold Facts Rap Tracks
Catch a Jax
Theres No Latch attached
you Can't Own a Soul
So don't go go scroll po po patrol
lets Go Toe to Toe Like Pro Dojo Throws
Sold your Soul so Don't Go so Slow
no Need to Crow
No Need to Flip
what we Need is a Change in Leadership
Wont even Give a Chance to Plead the Fifth
before the Radar Go From
Bleep to Blip Bitch

[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]
You think I don't notice the line when you cross it
I'm like the mind of a genious trapped in a cerebral palsic
You underestimate the hood you think niggas is stupid
We read the countries credits, niggas know who produced it
Why the fuck you think the pushing military recruitment
America been platinum and she afraid of recoupment
So when you try to close the boarder and don't let us in
I'll overthrow califonria with 20 million mexicans
Cubans and chinese who came looking for freedom
Till they realised america was run by a demon
And I don't mean George Bush he was a fuckin zero
More like the roman emperor Nero
Who did nothing while the black slum turned to atlantis
I mean those behind the canvas that made the mechanics
And then planned it, it sounds simple but stupid niggas won't understand it
Until the mark of the beats has your face branded

[Cuts by DJ Pone]

Thanks to Bacel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Pierre Louis Garcia

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Black Vikings"

(feat. Styles P, Vinnie Paz, Poison Pen)

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]
Back like I was locked up, putting in work
Burning through books like nazi's in a catholic church
I'm cursed like cain when he murdered his brother
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother
I'm mars ultor, the avenger, the god of war
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in god at all
I breathe smokeless fire, the Jinn type
That'll make you hate the way that allah made you to live life
Like hindu, niggas that be bleaching their skin white
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right
Skinned werewolves and rape demons at midnight
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you
Barbarian funeral, nigga, you wanna know?
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

[Hook: Poison Pen]
Chaos, mayhem, bang outs, slay them, uprise, rape them, raid them
Cage em, pandemonium, insurgent, death merchants, commit the best murder
Pillage, Kill them, erase history, make them a mystery

[Verse 2: Styles P]
Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head
Immortal and ghost coming, code red
You never seen a black barbarian
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off
Your throat need an axe in it
And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate
I'm like the viking in Valhalla Rising
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in
Don't test him, please don't stress him
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines
How you wanna die? make your own suggestion
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
You pussies living in a movie theatre
Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader

Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher
You need to be godly to know allah
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?
I ain't going there, there's police in that room
And vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb
My body covered in Dashiki and stab wounds
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors
That's a part of my neurological transmitters
We Islamic and brought the story of shem with us (Al hamdu Allah!)
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

[Hook]

[Outro]
The walls have been breached! ANFALL!!!
We came in the name of peace and brotherhood, you wanted us bound in slavery, poisoned our water, changed our names...
Burn their homes, take their jewels, skin them alive!
Hold on, hold on, hold on...
No one will know these people ever existed, and all that will be left is what we build upon their ruins...

Thanks to Eugen Kabinde for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Conquerors"

(with Dr. John Henrik Clarke)

Nearly all religion was brought to people and imposed on people by conquerors and used as the framework to control their minds. My main point here is that if you are a child of god and god is a part of you, then in your imagination god is supposed to look like you and when you accept a picture of the deity assigned to you by another people you become the spiritual prisoner of that other people.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Young Lords"

(feat. Joell Ortiz, Pumpkinhead, CF, Panama Alba)

[Immortal Technique:]
New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]
If it could be sold, I can sell it, If it can't, that's cool
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fools
It started when I was young with my genesis games
He traded me John Madden for--I don't remember the name
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow
And each O like three, four times, I flipped ones
But it's evil, the people I deal with'll stick nuns
With big guns, the diesel that diesel never change
The custies still nod like they agree with everything
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking
I had them bags packed until they damn near open
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pop

[Immortal Technique:]
In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I awoke caged like an animal

[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]
They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids
Writing on the walls keep me sane
Knuckle push-ups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain
Building with my a-alike, brown power reunite
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy
So when I'm free I'll teach and spread the speech
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak)
Find us (and break a piece) So I gotta
(To make a peace) honest (I play for keeps)
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers
So they subtract us and add bars
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war
We not a gang or a clique, we Young Lords!

[Immortal Technique:]

I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.

[Verse 3: CF]
The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,
Man, fuck going to penn state,
Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,
The medium figures choking the four five,
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!

[Immortal Technique:]
Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!

[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]
I survived the COINTELPRO assassinations
AIDS epidemic crack era fractured a nation
The interpretation of American democracy
Is best exemplified in its foreign policy dichotomy
I live a double-life of political philosophy
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality
Against the morally bankrupt, claiming to be born again
It's a civil war again, like MS-13's origin
Banned ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them
But you can’t conquer people and build a country on top of them
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap
Are Poli Sci 101 research for the New Jack
It’s hard to reach, Communist Utopia tomorrow
When your hands are in a fucking glass jar like Che Guevara
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially
Separated from people you can’t see yourself to be
Then racially integrated into a burning house
Colony of an empire, economically burning out
Can’t win a debate, so they sponsor every threat to me
I wonder if Agent 800 is standing next to me

In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for *[?]* the struggle here is to make universities the

struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is *[?]* Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Ultimas Palabras"

A new American revolution has begun,
Not against the forces of a colonial kingdom
But a rebellion against an oppressor that has risen among us,
It is not a foreign invasion we have to fear,
Rather the threat of a force within our nation
That has usurped what was once a dream of having the greatest democracy ever known to man,
We now live in a world where the population has grown exponentially,
And the planet is running out of resources to sustain us all,
We in the inner-city and those struggling in the suburban ghettos may not realize it yet,
But make no mistake,
The people who control the technology and run every enterprise that makes up our world,
Have seen this coming for a long time,
The ideas of renewable energy,
Global warming,
The idea of collectively working,
Were purposefully bought out, derailed, demonized, or corrupted,
In favor of an economic structure designed by a monetary caste system,
In a desperate attempt to convince us that we need to maintain that extravagant existence,
They've pretended we might share in their dream,
That we can justify any inhumanity in its name,
Out of this blind ignorance was born the curse of slavery,
Many of the founders of this nation were themselves Masons,
That is not a Left wing or Right wing conspiracy theory,
It is a widely known and accepted fact,
So then explain to me how a nation founded by men,
Who not only understood the long and complicated history of Europe,
But also that of Africa,
Could permeate such a lie in convincing the American public,
That one race of men was superior and one inferior,
When in fact we know that all the early men,
The men who created civilization and every aspect of what we see today,
The foundation of all human life,
Were from Africa,
The greatest cowardice of course came not with slavery itself,
Unfortunately,
But with the excuses for slavery,
For if America had been as brave as the Roman Empire and all other empires that have come after her,
And claimed "No, we were just stronger and that's why we took you",
Then when slavery was over racism would've probably followed in suit,
But instead it was the social lie,
The religious lie that was told,
That stayed in the mind of people,
That seperated one human being from another,
In order to distract us from the issues of class and freedom,
They created issues around religion and race to dominate the world for centuries to come,
Some claim that they respect that they respect the culture of life in this country,
They cry out for indignity of children that are slaughtered before they are born,
But God has not penetrated their souls,

For they have no empathy,
Nothing in their cold hearts for the 100s of 1,000s of lives we have taken in our wars overseas,
For that which they call "collateral damage",
Which the are the burnt and damaged children of the world,
They have no prayers for them,
Only snide commentary on the internet and laughter in their hearts,
And yet you claim to be one with God,
Huh,
We talk about immigration in this country,
Might doesn't make right ladies and gentleman,
It just makes right now,
What we are saying to the rest of the world,
Is one day when America grows weak,
One day when her legions falter,
On the day when her economy crumbles,
China, Russia, Europe, whatever power has arisen,
All you have to do is come here and conquer us in a few military excursions,
And then you too can set up shop here,
And in 100 years you can tell every red-blooded American,
"No, you are an illegal human being,
I am the true citizen,
I have all the rights,
You have no rights",
Maybe you forgot how you got this country,
Maybe you take for granted the blood, the sweat, the tears,
That the people who live in practical serfdom shed everyday,
For we may not run America, but we make America run,
We talk about the Law,
Yet,
How many indignities have been legal in the past?
How many treaties with Native Americans have we broken?
How many international laws have we violated?
And,
Speaking of laws,
How can a corporation be regulated by a government that is funded and controlled by corporations?
How can there be accountability,
For people who see a profit margin above the lives of Americans?
Above the lives of human beings in other countries?
We have taken the soul out ourselves and placed them inside machines,
My words of course,
Will be marginalized, demonized,
In typical fashion,
Anytime you dare to question the power structure they say you hate America,
No, I love this country,
I see its beauty everyday in its people,
And I love it a lot more than those who have abandoned the American worker,
That have chose to exploit and try to take away benefit she has,
Those that attempt to make excuses for every atrocity committed,
In the name of supposed freedom,
Those who demand accountability from everyone,
But offer none themselves,
Who favor contracts over lives,
Who favor invasion and control over organic democracy overseas,

The greatest flaw that any intelligent person has is to think they're smarter than everyone else,
And so the government has planted its spies amongst us,
We have planted our spies among them,
They have infiltrated every branch of the American government,
They have retrieved names, data, hard numbers,
The paper trail that will expose those that truly control this country,
Those that control the political parties,
Those that control the oil industry,
The energy,
Those that stand behind the companies faceless,
Whose names have never been revealed,
Until tod.. *[GUNSHOT]*

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Sign Of The Times"

(feat. Cetan Wanbli, Lockjaw Nakai, Cornel West)

Imagine the word of god without religious groupies
Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hoopty
Persecuted a single mother in a modern manger
You crucify him again like a fucking stranger
Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies
Imagine being locked up since juvi
Imagine changing your life and still going out like tookie
Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me
Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life like the kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite
For most of the world that's what it's like
Imagine if the woman your suppose to love for the rest of your life is set to marry someone else at the end of the night
They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind and fight the hardest when you start from behind
So I dreamed the impossible all the time
Fuck a masonic design America's future is mine repeat that to yourself cause if cultures a crime the numbers tatted on your arm aren't too far behind
It can only conquer you after they murdered your mind
So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times
I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine
Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime and
Fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet who predicated European supremacist logic
Because the pilgrims and conquistadors columns killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin (Yes)
I guess the fortune teller skipped an Antichrist or two
Brother give this to the OG's doing life with you and
Pray for the problems with the popes psychology so the Vatican will offer an apology, (for what?!)
for destroying the peoples liberation theology
Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty
Business decisions like keeping people in prisons but had the opposite effect incarcerating religion
That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous is obvious if you read the Northwood documents
Forget the compliments for what I recorded
And live the revolution instead of always dying for it
Remember a bullet can never stop me
My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie watch me
Even if I'm shot in the shakra I will prosper
Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter
Tellin the Persians there comes the rasta
And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura Mazda
Fish out the Philistine dagon from the shores of Gaza
And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza
This is a message to the older gods I'll sacrifice you all to the revolution like the Romanovs
Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel
The blood clot system try to kill me like sickle cell
But I survived and alive to fight another day cocooned in a coma
I can still hear my mother pray

Sister crying out to god please let my brother stay
Walking towards the light but somethings pulling me the other way

Thanks to Joey for correcting these lyrics.